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AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—INEZ RECEIVES A LETTER.

THAT she had been all along the victim of some dark plot, Inez now felt confident; but whether Mr. Wyverne was the originator of

were many other things also which perplexed her. What was the position of Bessie? Taking her honesty, good faith, and perfect

her "grandpapa?" What part had he borne in all this? What was his attitude with regard to her? and what had been his atti-



"Your own poise, and your own self, that's the true smoker's motto."—Page 201.

the plot or not, she could not tell. There

innocence for granted, what was her place in this involved net-work of circumstances? Was she too a victim? or was she the protégée of the unknown conspirators? Who was

tude toward Mr. Wyverne? Above all, what was the motive of the conspiracy? That it was a conspiracy of no common kind, she felt sure. It had begun long ago, and had been

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carried on for years. What was the purpose of these two confederates—Wyverne and Magrath? What end did they propose? Was it revenge? or was it avarice? Was there any thing of hers that they might gain?

Of course, these questions could not be answered, and this last one was the greatest puzzle of all, for it was impossible for her to imagine what could have been the cause for which these men had framed so deep a plot, and elaborated it so patiently, and carried it out so carefully.

Bernal Mordaunt was her father. She now believed this without the slightest lingering doubt.

Bernal Mordaunt was a priest. What was the meaning of this? This was a point that she could not comprehend. That he was a Roman Catholic and not an Anglican priest, she knew from the allusion in the letter to his "ecclesiastical business" at Rome. What was the meaning of that? Was this, then, the cause why her parentage had been so carefully concealed? Was this the cause of his flight—his neglect of his children? Was it the affection of Mr. Wyverne, seeking to save her from shame, that had surrounded her with all this mystery? Was this the reason that her sister Clara had been sent to a nunnery, and herself brought up as Mr. Wyverne's daughter? Was this so? and, if so, was it not possible that Mrs. Wyverne may have quarrelled with her husband on the ground that he was receiving a child of shame into his household, and had taken herself and her son from the presence of such pollution? Could this be so?

This? Impossible. It was not of affection and self-sacrifice that Mr. Wyverne spoke on his dying-bed. It was of repentance for crime. It was remorse. It was the agonizing desire to make an atonement for wrongs which he had done to her father.

That father had come to him there at that bedside—the injured man had seen the offender, with what result she had heard from Dr. Blake. Of the real horror of that meeting, however, she knew nothing, for Blake had kept that a profound secret from her. She had merely understood from him that Mr. Wyverne had died the moment the priest had entered the room, and that not one word had passed between them.

There were various questions, consequent upon her knowledge of the fact of this meeting, which served to perplex her mind still further.

Had her father recognized Mr. Wyverne? She thought not, and for various reasons. In the first place, she remembered the fearful change that had taken place in Mr. Wyverne's face, and judged, rightly enough, that such a change would make all recognition impossible, especially on the part of one who had not seen him for fourteen years.

If he had not recognized him, had he at least known his name?

This also she thought impossible. If he had heard so uncommon a name as Wyverne mentioned, particularly the full name Hennigar Wyverne, he would have been struck by it at once. If so, he would not have gone away so hurriedly after that death—making no inquiries after those whose guardian Hen-

nigar Wyverne had been. No; the priest had probably arrived late, as Blake said, from a hurried journey; had been summoned almost from his bed to the dying man; and then, without recognizing him, or learning his name, had continued his hurried journey.

The question now arose whether he had not found out since who this man was. He must have done so. The notice of Hennigar Wyverne's death had been published, and would of course meet her father's eyes. He would then learn who it was that had died so suddenly.

And what then? What, in fact, would be his action? The letter of Kevin Magrath stated that her father was at Rome, and was going to England to see Wyverne. About what? The answer was given in the letter, in part at least: "Inez must be got rid of." It was for her, then, that her father was coming. She was in part, at least, the object of his journey, and of his business in England.

Would the death of Hennigar Wyverne, now no doubt well known to her father, make any difference in his movements? Would he still come to seek after her? What if lies had reached him, such as those amid which Bessie had been brought up? What if he had heard and believed that his daughters, Clara and Inez, were dead long ago? Could she expect that he would ever search after her? Wyverne being dead, what business would he have in England? On the other hand, how should she find him, or effect communication with him in any way?

Of the two plotters to whom she could trace the great conspiracy which had enfolded her and Bessie in its grasp from earliest childhood, one was dead. But the other remained. What would he do? Would he give up, confess all, and set things straight before the world? or would he continue to carry on his work? He was Bessie's "grand-papa." He was, no doubt, using her as a tool for his own purposes. Would he still try to baffle Bernal Mordaunt?

Kevin Magrath, in the letter which he had written to Hennigar Wyverne, had spoken about Bernal Mordaunt with undisguised alarm; but from that letter it was Wyverne who had chief cause for fear. So formidable an enemy was Bernal Mordaunt, that flight or pretended death were the only ways by which the terrors of his presence could be evaded. Was the danger which had been so dreadful to Wyverne less dreadful to Kevin Magrath?

Not one of these questions could she answer. The one which was most important to her was about her father's possible movements. Did he know that she was alive? Would he come to England?

Since that memorable death at Villeneuve a fortnight had passed away. No signs had presented themselves as yet of his appearance. This did not look like haste on his part. The delay seemed unnecessary. It looked as though he did not know of her existence. It looked as though he had heard of Wyverne's death, and had given up his design of going to England.

After breakfast that day, a letter was handed to Inez.

She looked at it in amazement; it bore the postmark of Paris. Who could write

her from Paris? There was only one—Dr. Blake. But why should he write? Perhaps it was something with reference to Mr. Wyverne, or perhaps something the thought of which excited her indignation. Could it be possible? No, it could not be; he would not dare, at such a time, to write to her a confession of his feelings.

With this thought she left the table, and retired to her room to read the letter. There was no reason why she should not think so. Dr. Blake lived at Paris, or lodged there for the present; she had no other acquaintance there; and she did not know enough of his handwriting to judge of the writer of the letter by the address.

But the first words of the letter at once put this notion to flight. On opening it, she read the following:

"MY DEAREST CHILD:

"By this time you know all, and therefore will not be surprised at finding that there is one alive who has a right to call you by that tender name. Returning home after a long absence, during which you have been taught to believe me dead, or rather have been kept in ignorance of me altogether, my only business now is to fold my beloved daughter in my arms, and save her from the machinations of those who so long have had her in their power.

"It was my astonishing fate to meet Mr. Hennigar Wyverne at Villeneuve. I was on my way from Rome to England with no other purpose than to see that very man, and receive from him an account of those dear ones whom I had intrusted to him years before. At that inn, just after a short night's rest, I was requested to visit a dying man. I at once went to the room, and, to my utter amazement, found before me the very man I sought. Fearfully changed though he was, I recognized him; for beneath the mere outline of features there is always something more, which, as long as life lasts, betrays the man. And here the recognition was mutual.

"Although he was evidently surprised, yet my presence was, after all, not altogether unaccountable to him; for he had heard of my return, as he told me himself, and the dread of meeting with me had brought him to this. I will not tell you now all the particulars of that interview, when the soul of the dying man, already hovering on the verge of the eternal world, and going to its last account, lingered for a moment to try to atone for the crimes which he had committed, to try to obtain forgiveness from the man whom he had wronged, before passing into the presence of his Maker. I need only say now that he told all, without reservation. All—all was confessed. I have the consolation of knowing that I was not harsh to my false friend, nor deaf to his appeal for mercy, but forgave him all, freely; and, while as man I forgave the injuries that he had done to man, as priest I gave him absolution for the sins which he had committed against God.

"In the midst of the tremendous agitations of that unparalleled hour, it never occurred to the poor dying man to mention that you were in the hotel, and close by us, even though much was said about you. He in-

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formed me that he had already told you the truth, though not all. As it did not occur to him to tell me of your presence, it never occurred to me to suspect it. I had thought of you always as a child, and imagined you at boarding-school somewhere. It was not until I came here that I learned where you really were then, and where you are now.

"As it was, I should have remained in Villeneuve long enough, at least, to perform the last, sad funeral-rites over one who, in spite of his treachery, had once been my most intimate friend. But I could not; business of an urgent nature required my immediate presence here in Paris, and I had no remedy but to hurry forward.

"But the emotions called up by that meeting have been too much for me. I am not so young, dear child, as I once was, and I have suffered very much in body and in mind during the years of my absence. Do not be alarmed, my own child Inez, if I now inform you that I am unable to leave my chamber. I have delayed writing to you thus far from the hope that I might go in person, but the prospect of this is too remote for my impatience. Do not imagine by this that my illness is at all dangerous. It is not; it is serious—that is all. But there is one thing which, more than all drugs and remedies, will give me new life, and raise me up from my bed; and that is the sight of my own beloved child—sweet memorial of my sainted wife, whose image is still enshrined in my heart, for whom my love can never die. Come, then, my daughter—come to your father! Come, my sweet Inez, my only treasure in life! I long and yearn to look upon your face. Do not delay. Do not stop to make any preparations. Do not even think of money. You will find every thing with me that you may need. Come! I shall expect you to leave on the very day when you receive this, and I shall count the hours till you reach me. But I fear I am too urgent. I shall give you one day, then, dearest daughter; and after that I shall look for you. My address is No. 123 Rue de la Ferronnière, Paris. A carriage will be at the station, and my servants will be ready. I shall send some friend to receive you.

"I can write no more now, as I feel exhausted, and must reserve any more until you come. *Au revoir*, my dearest child! Make haste; for my strength is failing, and you are my last hope. I embrace you with all my heart, and wait for you, my own precious child, with indescribable longing.

"Your affectionate father,
"BERNAL MORDAUNT."

The handwriting of this letter was different from that of the address. In the address it was directed in a round, bold, flowing hand; but in the letter itself it was written in a tremulous hand, with frequent breaks, and words written indistinctly. It looked as though it had been written by some one who was feeble and ill, and had scarce strength enough to conclude his task; for toward the close it became very much less legible, as if, having finished it, the writer had been too exhausted to do more, but had to commission another to write the address.

There were certain circumstances in this letter which at another time would have bewildered Inez exceedingly. One was the story of the conversation between Bernal Mordaunt and Hennigar Wyverne, followed by extreme unction. Dr. Blake's account was altogether the opposite. He had said positively that not one word had been spoken by either; but that, as the priest came in, Wyverne died. Here was a discrepancy so immense that each version destroyed the other utterly. The other difficulty lay in the fact that the handwriting of Bernal Mordaunt was not, in the slightest degree, like the writing of that Bernal Mordaunt whose short note to Hennigar Wyverne, accompanying the portrait, lay in the casket. This in itself was a slight thing, and could easily be accounted for on the ground of weakness, change wrought by a new mode of life and increasing years, or the nervous irregularity of a hand unused of late years to hold the pen; but still, in connection with the first-mentioned fact, it was significant.

Both of these things, and others, also, Inez certainly noticed, but failed to lay any stress upon them whatever. She was, indeed, quite incapable now of weighing any thing calmly. That letter had produced upon her so overwhelming an effect, that there was only one idea in her mind—her father ill in Paris—seriously ill—longing to see her—calling to her to come to him—counting the hours—her father looking upon her as his only hope in life—looking to her for strength to draw him up from his bed of languishing—her father, with his unutterable love for her, and yearning over her. How piteous seemed to her those letters, traced with so feeble a hand, growing fainter and feebler as they approached the end of the sheet! How pathetic that allusion to her mother—how resistless that call to her to come—how tender and sweet that loving urgency, which could scarce allow one day to her for making her preparations to travel!

No idea of refusing entered her mind. Such a call must be obeyed. She must go. Besides, it was the thing that she herself now longed most of all to do. She began, then, at once to pack up a few things. She had money enough in her purse to take her to Paris. She needed no more than enough to take her to his bedside.

One thought of Bessie came to her, and a slight feeling of sadness at thus being compelled to quit her so abruptly. She wondered, also, what excuse she should make. She could not show her the letter. Though her own frank nature would have prompted such a course, her consideration for Bessie restrained her. It would only bewilder her and give her pain. Bernal Mordaunt she believed to be her own father. If she was ever to be deceived, the explanation would have to come from those who had deceived her—from her "grandpapa," Kevin Magrath. On the other hand, Inez could not stoop to deceit of any kind, and therefore was unable to make up any plausible pretext for her sudden departure. In the end she solved this particular difficulty by telling Bessie that she had to go to Paris immediately on "business."

This intelligence Bessie received in a

much better manner than Inez had anticipated. She appeared startled, but said nothing against it. She was mournful, and affectionate, and very pathetic.

"Oh, I knew it," she said, sadly. "I saw it was coming to this. I knew, Inez dearest, that you were changed and didn't love me any longer. But there's no use in life to say any thing, for, when love grows cold, there's not the least use of complaining at all, at all. It's a changed nature you're seeming to have just now entirely, Inez jewel, but I hope you'll be your own dear self again before very long. And won't you promise to write me, Inez darling, as often as you can, for I shall be perfectly frantic till I hear from you? It seems awfully bold and brave in you, so it does, to go off travelling this way. I'm sure I should never be able to do it—never."

Inez found that she could not leave till the next day. Her preparations, however, were very simple. She took Saunders with her, and a footman was to accompany her as far as Southampton.

When Inez prepared to start, she found, to her surprise, that Bessie was dressed for a journey also.

"You need not think you're going to get rid of me so easily," said Bessie. "It's myself that'll be the lone girl when you go, and what in the wide world I'll be after doing with myself without you I don't know, so I don't. And so I mean to stay with you till the very last moment, Inez darling, and I'm going all the way to Southampton. I shall bid you good-by on the pier, and I'm sure I think you might be just a little bit affectionate to-day, dear."

Inez was deeply touched by this mark of Bessie's affection, and embraced her, and kissed her fondly. They then drove to the station.

During the drive to Southampton Bessie was loving, tender, pathetic, and occasionally lachrymose. She appeared to cling to Inez with so much tenderness, that Inez felt herself drawn to the fair young girl more than ever, and wondered how one like her would bear the blow of being told that her name and her life were a deceit. She was glad that it did not fall to her lot to tell Bessie.

On the pier at Southampton they parted. Inez went with Saunders, and Bessie, after waiting on the wharf and waving her handkerchief till she could no longer distinguish Inez, returned to London.

CHAPTER XVI.

FATHER MAGRATH.

As Inez, with her maid, Saunders, landed upon the pier at Havre, several persons were passing down on their way to another steamer which was just about to leave for Southampton. Among these was one man, and, if it had been possible for her to recognize that one man upon that spot, the recognition would have changed altogether the progress of circumstances, and have snatched her from the fate upon which she was blindly rushing. But such a recognition was impossible, and Inez passed on her way—away from the one

man who could have solved every mystery, and removed every difficulty—away from the man who could have saved her, and on to the station to take the train for Paris. He was dressed as a priest. He was a man of medium stature, with a very remarkable face, the expression of which was so strangely compounded of force and gentleness, of energy and meekness, of resolute will and sadness, that the eye of the most casual observer was irresistibly drawn to take a longer observation. He carried in one hand some wraps, and in the other an old leather valise, worn and battered as though it had accompanied its owner over thousands of miles of journeyings, and bearing upon one end, in white painted letters, the mark B. M.

Following this man was one whose tall figure, stern and strongly-marked features, and shaggy mustache, revealed the person of Kane Hellmuth. This journey had been the result of his recent conversation with Blake. The mystery of his apparition had now come to be a leading idea in his mind, and, as his friend had hinted at the possibility that his wife might not have died, he had resolved upon this journey so as to satisfy his mind once for all. As Mr. Wyverne, her guardian, was dead, that resource was taken away from him, and he could think of no one to whom he could apply for information except that Miss Mordaunt, to whom also Mr. Wyverne had been guardian. It was, therefore, to no less a person than Miss Bessie that Kane Hellmuth was making this journey.

As the steamer was leaving the pier, the priest stood on the deck along with the other passengers, and Kane Hellmuth found in this man a mysterious attraction that riveted his gaze in spite of himself. The last man was he of all men to feel or to yield to, if he did feel, any impulse of idle curiosity; yet, in this case, in spite of his efforts to check himself, he found his eyes, no matter how often he would force them to look elsewhere, irresistibly drawn back again to fix themselves upon that sun-browned face, with the deep, earnest glance, the resolute purpose, the indescribable pathos—that face which, in its expression, and in the traces of the years, showed such a record. It was a record of a life of no common kind—a life of struggle and of suffering—an heroic life, yet at the same time a life which must have been not without some fulfilment of the holiest duties of that office which his garb indicated—the office of a Christian priest. Kane Hellmuth thus felt his eyes attracted, and with his eyes his heart; but there was no opportunity of making the acquaintance of this singular man. Kane Hellmuth was naturally of a reserved disposition; the priest, on the other hand, was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to be conscious of the interest which he had awakened in the mind of another, and so these two, who might have found much in common if they had become acquainted, passed on their different ways, without exchanging any word with one another. After leaving the harbor the priest retired, and was seen no more; and Kane Hellmuth, who felt no desire to rest, and no capability of obtaining it if he had desired it, paced the deck for hours. Arriving at Southampton, he saw the priest

on landing, and then lost sight of him in the bustle and confusion of the train for London.

Kane Hellmuth found out the location of the house of the late Mr. Wyverne from the directory, and went there as soon as possible. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

To his immense disappointment, he learned that Miss Mordaunt was not at home, and, upon further and more persistent inquiry, found that she was not in town. Upon still more urgent inquiry as to her movements, John Thomas, with whom he had been speaking, thought that it could be no other than a lover who could be so persistent; and, though Kane Hellmuth's appearance was not that of the one whom John Thomas might imagine as a suitor for one like Miss Bessie, at the same time John Thomas's heart was not without some sentiment of its own, and he thought that such a visitor should not be dismissed too hastily. So he went into the house to make some inquiries before giving any final answer.

After a brief absence he returned, and informed Kane Hellmuth that he could find out all he wanted from Father Magrath, who was in the house, and had sent an invitation for him to come in.

This invitation Kane Hellmuth accepted. He entered the drawing-room, and, in a few moments, a person came in who introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Magrath.

Father Magrath, as John Thomas called him, was a man of very remarkable appearance. He was dressed in the usual garb of a priest, but his face was not altogether in keeping with his costume. He was apparently about fifty years of age, of medium height, with a frame whose nervous strength and powerful development had not yet felt the advance of years. His hair was curly, and only slightly sprinkled with gray; he had bright keen eyes, straight thin nose, and thin lips, which were curved into a good-humored smile. The pervading expression of his face was one of jovial and hilarious good-nature. He wore spectacles, which, however, did not conceal the keen glitter of his penetrating eyes. His face was unmistakably Celtic in its character; in fact, it was the face of an Irishman, and, if Father Magrath's name had been less Irish, his face would of itself have been sufficient to proclaim his nationality.

A few questions served to make him acquainted with the fact that Kane Hellmuth wished to see Miss Mordaunt for the sake of making inquiries of her about some family matters.

"Well," said Father Magrath, "she's away out of town, and, what's more, she won't be back at all, at any rate not to this house; but I'm her father confessor, and any questions that ye may have to ask, of a reasonable character, I'll be quite happy to answer. Ye'll have to excuse me for the present, however, as I'm engaged on some business of the most pressing kind, and perhaps ye can neeme some hour whin I can mate ye."

Kane Hellmuth thanked him, and informed him that his time was limited, and that the earliest possible meeting would be most acceptable.

"Sure, thin," said Father Magrath, "it's meself that's sorry that I can't stee with ye

just now, and for that matter any time this dee, an' not before to-morrow ayvenin'. Could ye make it convaynient to come to-morrow, in the ayvenin', about eight o'clock? If so, I'll be happy to have ye. Come and spind the ayvenin'," he continued, in a warm and cordial tone; "I'll be alone, an' I assure ye I'll be daylighted to have the pleasure of your company."

This invitation, so cordially extended, Kane Hellmuth accepted with thanks, and, bidding the friendly priest adieu, he retired to pass the time as best he could till the hour of that meeting should arrive.

Punctual at the hour, on the following day, Kane Hellmuth reached the house, and was at once shown into the brightly-lighted parlor. Father Magrath was not at home, but had left a polite request for his visitor to wait. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, and, after a slight delay, he entered the room, and greeted his visitor with very great warmth and cordiality.

"Sure and it's glad I am to see you this night," said Father Magrath. "It's me that's not fond of loneliness at all at all. We'll make an ayvenin' of it between us, thin. I'm of a convivial timprament, and I howld that convialeetee is one of the issinces of true injoyment in loife. So we'll get up something. Is it whiskey ye take, thin, or cognac, or do ye prifir woiné, or eel? For me own part, I always teek whiskey."

"I shall be happy," said Kane Hellmuth, pleasantly, "to join you in any drink that may be most agreeable to yourself. I think that whiskey, as you say, is as good as any thing."

"Sure and ye nivir spoke a truer word," said Father Magrath.—"Jeemes, my boy," said he, turning to a footman, "the whiskey; bring a daycanter of Scotch and Irish, and the hot wather, with the it ceteras.—And ye smoke, too, of course?"

"Yes."

"Jeemes, whin ye're about it, bring the poipes and tobacco," added Father Magrath.

At this Jeemes retired, and soon returned with a tray upon which were all the articles which, in the opinion of Father Magrath, went toward making up the requisites for a pleasant evening.

"Yis," said Father Magrath, continuing pleasantly, in a half-serious, half-jocular way, some remarks which he had been making; "as I said, there is no plisintness in loife without convialeetee. Of coorse, I main it in a harrumless sinse. It was not in veen that the ancients ileevatid convialeetee to the skois, and made it one of the occupetions of the Olympian dayeeties. I'm no ascitic. I believe in harrumless and innocent joys, and so I take an occasional drop of somethin' warrum, and an odd whiff of the poipe at intervals. Now, here ye have whiskey, both Scotch and Irish, and I don't know which of them ye prefer, an' I don't know meself for that matter. And it's a moighty difficult thing to decoide. For, ye see, there are two great laiding schools, if I may use the ipression, of whiskey, the Scotch and the Irish, or, to ipress meself more coriactly, the Erse and the Gaelic. Both schools, like both liquors, are an imeenecton of the radiant Celtic jay-

nus, which, amid all its gifts to man, has contributed this last and this best one, whiskey. Now, there is a very remarkable distinction between these two outcomes of the Celtic jaynius. One, the Gaelic, is best, whin mixed with hot wather and taken in the shape of toddy; the other, the Erse, naids not the foreign adarrunment of hot wather, but stands on its own beesis, as a pure, unmixed drink, which in itself is a deloight. There's a deep philosophical and symbolical mayning in this which I haven't time to go into just now, but I may suggist, in passing, that these two drinkis ixlpein in some misure the varying jaynius of the rispictive races, and the internal qualeetees of the two may be seen in their liquors. The Irish is best taken raw, without admixture; the Scotch is best, like the nation, mixed—that is to say, as the liquor is best with hot wather, so the Gaelic race in Scotland has achieved the most by intermixing and blinding with the Lowland Saxon populeetion."

All this Father Magrath rattled off in a quick, jovial way, pouring out glasses for himself and his guest, so as to allow themselves a taste of each of the liquors with which he professed so close an acquaintance. He poured out the Irish whiskey raw in two wine-glasses; but the Scotch whiskey he poured into tumblers, and manufactured into toddy, in accordance with his own curious theory about the utility of mixing the Gaelic race and the Gaelic whiskey. Kane Hellmuth tasted the Irish liquor, and then sipped the Scotch in its form of toddy.

"Ye'll be smoking," said Father Magrath. "Here are two kinds of tobacco, the Turkish and the Virginian. Which'll ye have? Here are poipes, unless ye've brought yer own in yer pocket, which I always do myself."

"I have one," said Kane Hellmuth, producing from his pocket a short meerschaum in a case.

"That's my way," said Father Magrath, with a sigh of appreciation. "Ye do right. Your own poipe, and your own silf, that's the true smoker's motto."

"It's a mighty quare thing, too," continued Father Magrath, as he filled his pipe, "about this same fashon of smoking, and this same tobacco. Have ye ivir thought where it origeenatid? Ye know the popular thayory that it came from America. Don't believe a word of it. Columbus did enough for the wurruld, but it wasn't him or his discovery that gave tobacco to civeelezeetion."

"Ye see," he continued, "there's this diffeecultee staring ye in the face. Ye've got to account for the unversaleetee of its use. One quarter of the human race use tobacco. How has it itxidid so widely in liss thin fower cinturies? If Columbus is the earliest date for the use of tobacco, how did it pinitrate into India and China in that toime? Now, my thayory is this: ye know China. Ye know how all the great inventions and discoveries of civeelezeetion have been traced there; paper, printing, powder, the mariner's compass, and other things. Now, I trace tobacco there. It wasn't America that gave tobacco to the wurruld. It was China. China gave tay. China gave also tobacco. If researches are made into Chinese

history, I don't doubt that it will be found that tobacco has been used there for thousands of years; that Confucius snuffed; Mencius chewed; that Fo-hi smoked; and that the Tartar nomads, and the Persians, and the Indians, received their knowledge of the 'sublime weed,' as Byron calls it, from China. And I don't know but that America may have received it from China also, for if, as some suppose, America was peopled by the Mongol race, there isn't the laste doubt in life but that they carried their poipes with thim.

"Now, whin ye look at tobacco," continued the priest, in an animated way, "ye see three grand classeefeeceetions, corresponding with the three grand divisions which we notice in modern civeelezeetion. First, there is the Aseeatic; it is manipulated, and drugged, and spoiced, and made into a luxureeous arteeficial substance for the use of the upper classes of societee. It riprisints Art. Then there is the American, which comes to us in its purity. This riprisints Nature. Finally, we have the stuff made here in the vareeous countries of Europe; giving a rivinue to the governmints, and grinding the face of the poor. This riprisints the Brummagin system of manufactures, which is swallowing up all Art, and all Nature, and thritening to swallow up modern civeelezeetion itself. But, mark me, ther'll be a rayaction among the nations. The peoples will no longer be oppressed. Governmints will no longer tread down humaneetee in the dust. The many will at last force their wants upon the notice of the few. The days of the priveleged classes are wellnigh indid. If modern civeelezeetion means any thing it means the rights of man. Those rights man will have. First among them, he will insist on having free tobacco; he will wrist this great luxury of the human race from the grasp of tyrannical governmints, and stand up in all the dignity and grandeur of manhood to smoke, or to chew, or to do any thing ilse to which the great heart of humanity may impil him."

Thus far Kane Hellmuth had listened to the priest without any comment. Just here, however, partly because Father Magrath happened to pause, and partly because he was surprised at this cropping out of revolutionary sentiments from one who belonged to the most conservative class of mankind, he said:

"You talk as though you had embraced the radical gospel. Is radicalism common with the priests of your church?"

Father Magrath looked at him with a keen glance for a few moments.

"Oh," said he at last, "this is only talk. A man's banter never shows his real sintimints. For my part, my life and my thoughts are all taken up with a work in which modern civeelezeetion, and radicalism, and conservatism, and all the other isms, niver inter. How should they? I'm an anteequarian. I gave up all my time to the most zilous anteequarian rasearches. Most of my life I live at Rome. There I come into immaydecate contact with the Holy Father, and the whole College of Kyardeenals. If there's any one man they know, that man's Father Magrath. The ixhumeetions I've made, and the exploreections, and the discoveeries, would take all

night to tell. Why, it was only the other day I found at Civita Castellano, in an owld Aytrusean tomb, an antique urrun, and I've got it here now, and that same urrun is worth more thin its weight in solid gold, so it is. There's people that's offered me more already, and I refused. Me a radical! I'd like to see meself botherin' me head about modern politics. Put me in Florence in the days of Cosmo di Medici, and I'll take my stand with one party or the other; but this vulgar nineteenth cintury, with its miserable party squabbles, seems like child's play to me.

"The worst of it is," continued Father Magrath in a pensive tone—"the worst of it is the lack of a proper spirit at Rome. Why, here I am; and I've been urging for years upon the Roman Government a course of action that might have given them untold wealth. First, I've urged the ixhumeetion of the Palatine—the palace of the Cessars, the *Aurca Domus Neronis*. The trisures that must lie buried there would be enough to give them means for carrying out the bold-est designs that Antonelli or anybody else might wish. Secondly, and still more earnestly, I've urged upon them the plan of diverting the Tiber from its bed. It would cost something, it is true; but the cost would be nothing whin compared with the raysult. Why, only think of the trisures that lie buried their—the gold, the silver, the diamonds, the gims, and precious stones; the statues, the carvings, the ornimints innumerable. Triasure! Why, in the bed of the Tiber is enough triasure to buy up all Italy! And yet the Papal Government is hard up. And why—?"

Father Magrath paused and looked earnestly for a few moments at Kane Hellmuth.

"Why?" he resumed. "I'll tell you why. It's because they want an Irish pope!"

"An Irish pope!" repeated Kane Hellmuth, as Father Magrath paused.

"Yis," said Father Magrath, solemnly—"an Irish pope! Rome, Italy, Christendom, all need an Irish pope. The Italians cannot govern Rome, or the Church, in the nineteenth cintury. They are a worn-out race. It's not poverty that ails them. It's indolence, inertia, want of interproise, cowardice, and all that. Give Christendom an Irish pope, and she'd be redeemed. The worruld would wear a diffrint aspect altogether, the day after the illiction of a born Paddy to the chair of Saint Payter should be made known. No country but Ireland, no race but the Irish, could furnish the requisite qualeefeeceetions Ireland has the piety, and the loyalty to the Roman Catholic faith, and at the same time it has the spirit of indipindence, the love of freedom, and above all the ristlies, bounding, invincible, indefatigable inirgy, that makes this ago what it is. What is now the laying nation in the wurruld? America. Who have made America what it is? The Irish people. And, therefore, the Irish people, being at once the most pious and the most inirgitic of all the races of man, are the ones from whom, above all, the next Pope of Rome should be illicted!"

Upon this Father Magrath at length succeeded in lighting his pipe, an attempt in

which for some time he had been baffled by his own eloquence, and then, puffing out heavy volumes of smoke, he relapsed for a while into silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOB'S TROUBLES.

THEY were drawing near to their end, and we were heartily glad of it. Being women, our patience resembled that of Job's wife, rather than his own inexhaustible article; and we had been crooking our shoulders and stiffening our necks and blinding our eyes over that quilting-frame the whole afternoon, and many another afternoon besides. At length the end was at hand, and the last row of stars, shells, crosses, compasses, globes, leaves, and Heaven knows what other shapes of things, terrestrial and celestial, was being wrought, with microscopic stitches, into the strip of crimson silk which formed the border to that paragon of patchwork, known to our grandmothers as a "Job's-troubles bedquilt"—on account, of course, of the innumerable pieces of which it was composed. Precisely how many there were in the specimen now under our hands I dare not trust my memory to state, but they seemed to rival in multitude not only the different varieties of trial to which its great namesake was subjected, but also the number of his flocks and his herds, to say nothing of his comforters or his children. At any rate, it was something quite marvellous; and, famous as Aquitank was for patchwork monstrosities, nothing like it had ever been seen in Virginia before.

That everybody had opportunity to acknowledge, for Cousin Maria Cliff bro knew and visited every family of note on the Eastern Shore. There were few days in the week when her high-shouldered gig, with her tall, raw-boned horse, and herself equally tall and raw-boned within, were not seen turning in at the gate of some one or other of the old-fashioned, hospitable, Eastern-Shore mansions; and in the foot of the gig was as unfailingly to be observed a brown wicker-basket, which contained, besides Cousin Maria's best cap, a day's-work supply, sacredly enveloped in a spotless napkin of Job's-troubles patches.

An exhaustless theme of inquiry and comment was furnished, even in its inchoate condition, by this *ne plus ultra* of bedquilts. Shut out from the great world, as we were, in Aquitank, with the ocean on one side of us and the Chesapeake on the other, with neither railroad nor telegraph nor printing-press within fifty miles of us, we had naturally not much to talk about but ourselves and our relations. (Everybody in Aquitank was related to everybody else; and never a "blasted furriner," not even the ubiquitous Paddy, had ever been known to set foot upon its aristocratic, English-peopled shores.)

In consequence, there was rather a dearth at times of material for conversation. When the results as to the ingathering of souls of the last "big meeting" at Chincoteague or Okkohamock had been discussed, triumphantly by the Dissenters, superciliously by the Episcopalians; when the last reported engagement between an Eyre and a Carr, a

Nottingham and a Custis, had been turned and returned, and viewed in every possible light; when the unprecedented success of Aunt Sukey Kellam or Cousin Betsy Joynes, as to turkeys and goslings, had been duly marvelled over, and the latest new recipes for scalloping oysters and making sweet-potato puddings had been compared with those handed down by tradition, there was apt to come an awful pause in the conversation, although the very first instalment of the day's visitation was not yet over.

Then Job's troubles used to come nobly to the rescue, and triumphantly fill up the breach, to the infinite relief of hostess and guests. There was never a time when Cousin Maria could not make talk on that absorbing theme of her love and pride.

Was not each one of its nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces a scrap of somebody's dress? and was there not a story belonging to every bit of brocade, every fragment of tabinet or of pongee contained therein? This piece of pearl-colored satin was a part of Evelyn Parramore's wedding-dress, and she was a grandmother now. The pink, the blue, the lilac, the amber, which formed a border round it, were samples of the bridesmaids' dresses; and the flowered damask squares which fitted in at the corners, were saved from the bridegroom's waistcoat. Ah, what a wedding that was, and how many others grew out of it!

This bit of brown sarcenet was from the dress in which Vienna Upshur ran off with Tom Nottingham; Cousin Maria stood under the oak-tree with her herself. That was in her wild young days; and that very day Dick Cliff proposed to her to do likewise. But there was no need of that; it was a very equal match, and everybody was willing; so here was her wedding-dress—this triangle of heavy dove-gray silk—and the black border round it was the mode with which she lightened her mourning ten years after his death!

This dainty pea-green was her daughter's "second-day" dress, made for the grand dinner-party given by her son-in-law's father—old General Bayly—and that always brought her to the son-in-law's son, her only grandson, the last scion of her family, dearer to her than her eyeballs, and the prospective owner of all her possessions, including, of course, the Job's-troubles bedquilt. This genealogical record in patchwork had been commenced the year he was born, with especial reference to his marriage and house-keeping. He was now about to enter upon his twenty-first year, and the gorgeous spread was likewise fast attaining its majority under our nimble but weary fingers.

Cousin Maria rose from her chair as her last instalment of the border was completed, and, laying down her needle and thimble, stood surveying the work of her hands. She was a tall, angular woman, with an immensely long chin, and wore a black "front," so low down upon her temples that only a small segment of forehead was visible. She looked what she was, one of the genuine old-fashioned Virginia "quality," but no one had ever called her handsome in my hearing. Now, in the flush of gratified pride and the softness of a much tenderer feeling, she af-

fected me as though she had been beautiful, and I watched her with curiosity and sympathy.

"There's nothing like it in the county, is there, friends?" she said, smoothing it out complacently. "What do you all think?—What do you think, Cousin Katharine?"

It was one of the old lady's quaint ideas of politeness to address every relative, no matter how distant or how young, by the appropriate title; and of late she had been cousining me to an extent and in a way that implied some very special meaning. So did her tone and manner in her sudden special address just now. I knew well enough what it was, and I answered saucily:

"Oh, it's very well for a bedquilt—such old-fashioned, exploded things! For my part, I never use any but white coverlets."

"Well, there's plenty of them, too," said Cousin Maria, still in a provokingly meaning tone, which made Sally and Betty and all the girls exchange glances, and set old Miss Peggy Hyslop, the seamstress, to nodding her wizened head, like one of the ridiculous images one sees in city shop-windows at Christmas-time. "There's a whole set in honey-comb that was spun and woven before my time, and is as good as ever now; and there's a daisy set and a diamond set, and the beautiful one in tuft-stitch that my poor Nancy did herself, and worked in Robert's name and the date of his birth. There's not the match of that in the county either, and she did it the last thing before she died, poor dear. The Lord's will be done!" Cousin Maria drew in her breath and looked pious for a moment, but the next instant her spirits reasserted their elation.

"Well, well!" she said, briskly, "it is handsome, and there's no denying it, nor that whoever gets Robert and it with him will have a right to feel herself a proud and a happy woman. But this isn't giving you your supper, my dears. I told Arinthy to put herself up and do her best, and I must go and see how she's making out. I guess you'll be ready by the time we are."

She bustled out of the room as she spoke, not forgetting, however, to give me another meaning nod and smile. To cover this, I said, hastily:

"Come, girls, hurry! Don't you smell the waffles?" and bent assiduously over my work, but my thoughts were as busy as my fingers.

What in the world was Cousin Maria trying to get up an affair between Bob Bayly and me for? Her one fault—an over-fondness for money—was notorious; and I had no acres to ally to his broad lands, no negroes—God forbid!—to swell the number of his "hands." I was all right as to family, it was true. The Baylys, the Custises, the Cliff-bros, were all from one stock, and had married and intermarried among each other, until it was almost impossible to trace the different threads of relationship. But then I had been sent North to school, and had come back with certain modified ideas, which had won for me the unenviable reputation of a traitress to the traditions of my family and my birth-place. It had been more than once intimated to me that I had forever ruined my market in

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Aquitank; and now, before I had been home six months, here was Cousin Maria Cliffbro trying her best, if not really to bring about an engagement between the heir of all her broad domains and myself, at least to create a public impression that such was already the state of affairs, although she knew well that a prior conviction as to the young gentleman's devotion to pretty Rose Marshall was tolerably well rooted in the Aquitank mind.

Now, why was this thus? I puzzled myself with asking Artemus-ly. Was the clever old lady in earnest when she said, as she had managed to let me hear of her saying, that she esteemed sense and culture and independence in a woman before any possessions of person or pocket? Or was she only trying to use me as a weapon of defence against the lovely Rose, who had no possessions at all except her beautiful face?

I could not quite resolve the problem; but, being a little proud and perverse, as became a Custis, I made up my mind to take the game into my own hands; and, though I didn't care a dot for Rob Bayly, who was my fourth or fourteenth cousin, who had been my playmate in childhood, and had grown up a handsome, weak young man, it would yet be some diversion to measure strength with the whole of them; and, if a certain hitherto unmentioned and far-distant individual continued to be as provokingly blind and as tiresomely self-distrustful as hitherto, perhaps marry Rob at last off-hand, just for spite!

It was not a very amiable resolution, perhaps, but I was too impatient and anxious about that time to be very amiable; and it was odd what a zest it gave to the supper, to which we were presently summoned. Old Aunt Rinty had distinguished herself. Never were waffles more goldenly tinged, never chickens more deliciously browned, nor the aroma of mocha more exquisitely preserved. As for Cousin Maria's Old-Dominion cake and candied watermelon, they were as famous as her patchwork, and I addressed myself, with a hearty good-will, to each and all of these dainties.

"Seems to me you enjoy taking tea at Bayside, Kate Custis?" said Lottie Uphur, pointedly, as I helped myself for the third time to waffles. Before I could reply, Cousin Maria interposed briskly:

"Of course she does—why shouldn't she? I hope you all do, for that matter, but Bayside has always been like a second home to you—hasn't it, Cousin Katharine?"

Lottie lifted her eyebrows and drew in her mouth; she was Rose Marshall's particular crony. As for me, I said nothing, but smiled a little grimly to myself at them all.

"The 19th—don't forget—and come early and stay late, all of you; my Robert won't have but one twenty-first birthday, and we must make a night of it!"

This was Cousin Maria's cheery good-by, as, supper being ended, the gigs began to come up to the door one after the other, and the various members of the quilting-party prepared to disperse.

"Don't you go just yet, Cousin Katharine," she added, so that all should hear. "I expect Rob home every minute, and he will be so

disappointed if he finds you gone; he counts upon driving you home!"

But I had had enough of the old lady by this time, and I said: "No, I am tired with sitting; the walk home by the bay-shore in the twilight will be just the refreshment I need;" and so I broke away, and secured for myself an hour of quiet, if not very happy thinking, as I slowly paced homeward over the sands, and watched the waves breaking softly at my feet, and the stars coming out, one by one, in the deep-blue sky.

Where was somebody, I thought, just then? Was somebody looking at those same bright stars and thinking of me? And why, oh, why, was somebody so provokingly modest, and timid, and humble, and every thing else that was stupid? I asked these questions aloud and passionately of both star and wave, but they vouchsafed me no answer; and I went into the house cross enough, and gave as satirical a description as I could of the quilting, the supper, and all that was connected with "my Robert's majority."

Well, it came on apace all the same, and the 19th arrived almost before I knew it. I went over to Bayside in the morning, at Cousin Maria's request, to help arrange flowers, and to give her one or two "new-fangled" hints as to the setting out of the supper. Not seeing Rob anywhere about, I asked where he was.

"Gone up the county, of course, thirty miles there and back, to bring his misay here," said Cousin Maria, in her nippingest tone. "I tell you what, Cousin Katharine, I simply can't abide the thought of his marrying that doll-faced baby. My Robert needs a woman to influence him, not a spoiled child to put him up to nonsense; and, if you don't help me break off this match, I'll never forgive you. You can do it if you choose to try, I am sure of it; and, once I get the foolish boy clear of this entanglement, I'll look after things a little more sharply, see if I don't!"

Ah ha! That was to be my office, then, was it, to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and that not for myself, but another, even though my fingers got singed meanwhile? I laughed again to myself, I am afraid even more grimly than before; but I did not refuse my services; I only invested them with a somewhat more personal purpose, and so went home to get a beauty-nap in the afternoon, and come fresh to the all-important business of the toilet.

It was in the days of "tilters," or hoops of enormous size. That is, their day was just going out, but the rural districts were not yet aware of this fact, and I knew that all Aquitank would appear in balloon-like proportions. I knew, too, that the weekly steamboat had been besieged on its last landing by the fair applicants for its precious freight of finery ordered from Baltimore for the occasion, and I readily imagined the fuss-and-feathery style which would prevail among the toilets. Now, my great card was to be as un-Aquitankish as possible in the present crisis. I chose, therefore, from my none too abundant wardrobe its very simplest costume—one in which I had appeared at my only fancy-ball as the Marguerite of Goethe.

It was a long robe of white cashmere, made perfectly plain, fitting closely to the form, and falling in soft, straight folds, pure and smooth as cream, to the floor. Not a puff, not a frill or flounce, broke the simple flow of the outline; only some fine old lace fell over the wrists, and softly shaded the bosom. A broad girdle of black velvet loosely encircled the hips, a narrower band the throat. It was in the days also of enormous "water-falls," which converted all the women into Barnumish, double-headed monstrosities. I braided my yellow hair in two thick plaits which fell below the waist; and lo! my toilet was completed.

As I stood before the glass in my dormer-windowed bedroom, contemplating the effect, my sister Jane, a demure little woman, appeared at the door, arrayed in her best gray silk, the flounces duly spread out over a gigantic crinoline. She stood surveying me for some moments without approaching, and in a silence which was pregnant with meaning.

Presently she spoke, in her driest tone:

"You are up to some game or other tonight, or you wouldn't be laying yourself out to be the talk of the county. Why didn't you wear your night-gown at once, and be done with it? I shall not go with you in that rig. I shall send the carriage back, and you can come alone. And don't sit near me, please, in the parlors. I never could stand staring."

With this she turned abruptly away and went below; and I laughed heartily, thoroughly well pleased. A late *entrée* would be all the more effective, but I had not ventured even to hope for it. In a minute or two I heard the carriage drive off, and then, throwing a shawl around me, and gathering my long robe over my arm, I went down-stairs and out into the garden to get some white chrysanthemums for a breast knot.

It was a mild November night. In the starlight I saw the bushes weighted with flowers, and the flowers with dew; and all the air was full of their fresh, pungent aroma, so much more delicious than a perfume. I plucked a handful, smelled them, took them up-stairs, and put them in water; and then I sat down to wait. In waiting I fell to thinking, and from thinking, before I knew it, to crying as though my heart would break.

Oh, but this would never do! My eyes and my nose would be red, and I should be a failure instead of a success; and was he worth that—the faint heart?

I made a rush at the wash-basin, and, after giving full scope to the powers of cold water, I wrapped my shawl about me again, took my fan and gloves, and went down to the veranda to try the efficacy of fresh air. I paced there to and fro in the starlight until the carriage came back for me. When I got out of it at Bayside there was no trace of tears to be seen. Indeed, an involuntary smile came instead, and a very wicked one, too, as I entered the brilliantly-lighted parlors, and looked round in search of my hostess. Some kind of uproarious dance, much in vogue in Aquitank, where round-dances were tabooed—"Monie Musk," or "Sir Roger de Coverley," or perhaps a "Virginia reel"

—was just ended. Almost everybody had been partaking in it, and, as a consequence, had dropped at its conclusion, breathless, panting, and crimson, into the chairs which were ranged stiffly in rows against the wall.

A regular Old-Dominion fire was blazing, roaring, upon the ample hearth, and the people seemed fairly blazing, too. Oh, how comically red, and heated, and unromantic, even the prettiest girls looked, like enormous cabbage-roses, with their huge chignons and huger hoops! and with what amusing amazement they regarded me as I made my way among them, cool, fresh, and fair, as one of my own chrysanthemums!

There was a funnily-sudden hush in the busy buzz of talk which had made the room like a hive of bees as I walked slowly up the centre, noiselessly, whitely, as a snow-shower falls; but, when my back was fairly turned, and I had reached my hostess and was paying my *devoirs* to her, it began again, as suddenly as it had stopped. Only this time it was a hiss instead of a buzz; and I knew well enough with what a sugared venom of smiling malice and sweet-voiced spite I was being bespattered by my young lady-friends.

All the better for me. It was the first witness to the impression I had plotted to create, and the next followed with unexpected promptness. The elegant young host, whom with a rapid side-glance I had descried in a recessed window assiduously fanning his over-blooming Rose, gave me a glance as I approached, first of surprise, then of unqualified pleasure, and came forward to welcome me with much more alacrity than mere courtesy required.

"You are very affectedly late," he said, holding my hand longer than was necessary, and letting his eye, full of puzzled admiration, take me in, as it were, from head to foot. "I should scold you for putting on airs, my lady cousin, if the airs you bring in with you were not so delightfully fresh and fragrant in the midst of our heat and dust."

I laughed, and shrugged my shoulders as I looked round the room full of our blooming damsels.

"My love is like the red, red rose," I hummed, in an undertone, and the young gentleman grew a little redder himself, and cast a half-vexed glance at the window, where his special Rose still stood, fanning herself now, and watching us with a flushed and angry gaze.

"It is cool out in the hall," he said, hastily. "Won't you take a turn there with me, and let me refresh myself in your atmosphere?" Then, as I suffered him to lead me through the open door: "By Jove, Kate, what have you been doing to yourself to make you so unlike the rest? You look as straight and as slender and as white as a lily, and as fresh and sweet as one of those flowers there—I don't know what they are—on your breast."

"They are chrysanthemums, and they are not sweet; I hate flowers with a perfume, lilies, and roses, and such things; mere sweetness cloyes so! These are pungent, aromatic; won't you have one? It may serve to revive you after a surfeit."

I disengaged one of the spicy clusters

from my bosom, and held it out to him with my witchingest smile.

He hesitated a moment.

"But I have a posy already, you see," he said, glancing down at his button-hole.

"Yes, a wilted rose. Roses are always the first flowers to fade, you know. Shall I fasten this in for you myself?"

Still he stood irresolute, his handsome, fickle face betraying the struggles of his inconstant fancy.

Presently he broke out passionately, in a tone half-bitter, half-eager:

"Kate, what do you mean? Why do you tempt me so? Do you wish to have things again as they were when we were boy and girl, when you drew me to your feet and spurned me from them a dozen times a week? Because I warn you I am rather too old for that sort of treatment now. Tell me now, and tell me true, if I give up the rose, shall I have the chrysanthemum in exchange?"

We had been walking up and down the broad, dimly-lighted hall, but he had stopped in his earnestness at a door directly opposite the window where he had, rather abruptly, left Rose Marshall. She stood there still, still alone, and still watching us with a burning glance.

I knew she could see what I did, and I deliberately took the rose she had fondly put there from her lover's breast, and flung it upon the floor. Then I fastened in its place a flower from my own bosom, and then, laying my hand in the arm which received it with a rapturous pressure, I turned again, and we resumed our promenade in the cool old hall.

"My glorious Kate!" my betrothed began, but just then Cousin Maria came swooping down upon us like a raven, with her keen eyes and her glossy, black attire.

Scylla avoided, she must look out for Charybdis.

"Ah, here you are, and together; that is right," she said, with a crooked smile. "But it is time for supper, my dears, and I want you to come in and lead the march. See! the music is beginning already."

So we marched in through the parlors, and headed the quickly-formed couples for the supper-room. After that there was little chance for my new lover to speak to me, although he took care to keep me supplied with all manner of eatables. But, in his capacity of host, he had to be here, there, and everywhere, and I was quite content to be freed from his raptures, which were apt to be as short-lived as they were violent.

In a few moments the room was filled with the clatter of plates and spoons, the clink of cups and glasses, and the busy buzz of voices. My cousins, intent on hospitable duties, thought of nothing but feeding the people; and they of nothing but being fed. No one but myself perceived that Rose Marshall was missing from the entertainment; but I had known from the first that she was not in the room.

Where could the girl be? What a fool she was! Had she no woman's pride? This was all I thought; and Cousin Maria, coming toward me to see how I was faring, I said to her, wickedly:

"Does your future daughter-in-law dis-

dain your hospitality, or does she live on love alone?"

"Why! is she not here?" said the old lady, with a start, looking hastily round the room. "Where can she be? Trying to get up some sort of a sensation, of course. Don't notice it, please; don't mention it to Robert; I'll find out soon, and tell you whatever it is."

I shrugged my shoulders and went on eating my oysters, and amusing myself with a young *Æsculapius*, who was playing the gallant at my other side; but I saw my cousin when she presently slipped out of the room, and wondered a little what would be the result of her investigations.

Just as supper was ended, and the crowd began knotting and jostling, after the manner of crowds, back to the drawing-room, Cousin Maria plucked me by the sleeve and drew me out into the hall.

"Did you ever know any thing so presumptuous or so aggravating?" she asked, in a tone of suppressed wrath. "She has made believe have a chill—got overheated—cooled off too suddenly—is subject to them—always followed by very violent fevers—is so sorry, but must trespass on my kindness for the night; didn't want to cast any shade over the gayety, and so came up alone to lie down."

All this was delivered in a sick-affected drawl; then, with a sudden, angry change:

"And she has actually undressed and gone to bed, Cousin Katharine—the audacious little minx! Gone to bed in the room and in the bed prepared for you, and under the *Job's troubles quilt*—the artful, plotting, deceitful little schemer! What do you think of that?"

I burst out laughing. I knew very well the absurd old wife's fable, religiously accredited in Aquitank, that the maid who slept first under a young man's "majority bed-quilt" was sure to be his bride in the end; and it was fun to see these two pitted against each other in superstition and intrigue.

"But I am not going to stay here tonight, Cousin Maria," I said, as soon as I could speak for laughing. "Let the girl rest in peace; she deserves it for her cleverness."

"Her brass, you mean," said the old lady, wrathfully. "But you *are* going to stay here, Cousin Katharine; you have got to. Cousin Jane has already gone home; she did not like to be so long away from the babies, and I told her I wanted you to stay. And mind! you are to sleep in that bed; indeed, I have no other—so many people from a distance have been asked to stay all night. So you'll have to put up with that missy's company—I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

It seemed, indeed, that there was not, as the carriage was already at home; and, to tell the truth, I didn't mind much; I was just in the mood to see the play played out. I went back into the parlors; ecstaticated Rob and horrified the Aquitankers by giving him as many waltzes and galops as he wanted; and at midnight watched my chance, in the bustle of departure, and slipped up to the room which had been so cunningly taken possession of by my rival.

There she was, sure enough, hidden away in the depths of the great four-poster, and half buried under the weight of "Job's

troubles." She pretended to be asleep, and I took no notice; but, as I moved about the room, leisurely disrobing myself, I was aware that she followed me with a furtive glance, and that her heart was wide awake with jealousy and hate.

Whatever had come over mine I don't know. It was simply callous, and gave me no trouble whatever. I only smiled at the movement of passionate repulsion with which she flung herself over to the edge of the bed; and, stretching myself out quite comfortably, went off easily to sleep.

I had no sooner safely arrived in the land of dreams, however, than I was recalled by the consciousness that a cautious hand was stealthily removing a portion of the covering; and, opening my eyes, I saw my companion sitting up in the bed, with two red spots on her cheeks like the glow of the embers still burning on the hearth, and trying to draw the silken quilt quite over to her side of the bed.

"What are you doing?" I said, sharply, annoyed at being awakened. "Because you have chills yourself, do you wish to give them to others? Let the cover alone."

"I will not!" answered the girl, passionately, still pulling at the quilt. "You never shall sleep under it—you never shall be his wife! He is mine; he belongs to me, no matter what falsehood you bewitched him into to-night, and I tell you you never shall have him! You shall not see him alone again; I will stay in this house as long as you dare to; I will dog your footsteps; I will fight you every inch to the very altars, and I warn you I will win him back yet! Chills! I wouldn't care if you were cold with the chill that can never be warmed, rather than that you should steal my own lover from me!"

How plucky the little thing was! How she fairly glowed in the darkness, as she sat there, and defied both me and her own maidenly reserve with this burning confession and resolve! Her courage in battling so fiercely for her own heart's sake touched mine more than a whole thunder-shower of tears and sobs would have done, and I really pitied the poor, loving, deluded child.

"Do you really love him so much, then?" I asked, almost tenderly. "He is not worthy of it; he does not value it. Why, do not you know—"

"No!" she interrupted me, passionately. "I know nothing, and I do not wish to. He was well enough till you came tempting him out of pure devilry, I do believe. For you can't love him yourself, or you would not speak so of him. But I do, and I will have him."

A great, tearless sob followed this new outburst, and I felt all of a sudden the tight, hard stricture loosening about my heart. I love him—the changeling! The thought of him I *did* love, and whose very timidity proved the more his love for me, came over me with a quick, softening rush, and I put my arms suddenly round my poor little bed-fellow, and drew her close up in my bosom.

"And so you shall have him, little Rosebud, so you shall," I said, comfortingly. "I don't know but that you are right; I think a

sort of devil of doubt and impatience and malice has had possession of me for some time, but he is gone now; you have exorcised him, sent him clean away, and he will not come back. Your courage and patience and love have stimulated mine afresh; I promise you to interfere no more with your claims. I will undo to-morrow all that I have done to-night. Of course, our lover will be furious, but I don't care for that; it is no more than he deserves, and you will enjoy pacifying him. I give him up to you entirely, and the Job's troubles with him, Rose; I only hope the name may not prove an ill omen!"

"I don't care if it does," said the passionate little thing, withdrawing herself impatiently from my arms. "I had rather bear as many troubles as Job's with him, than live a halcyon life without him. And I can't thank you for giving him back to me, for you had no right to try to steal him away!"

Stanch little loyalist! No blame was to be attached to him in the matter by her, that was evident; and I did not much mind.

"Well, well," I said, indifferently, "have your own way about it, my dear. Only I'd advise you to take this lesson to heart, and not trust our mutual friend too implicitly. Now, good-night—I'm going to sleep, and please be good enough not to wake me again."

There was a scene next morning, as I expected there would be, but I didn't care a whit for my cousins' discomfiture, and I knew Rose would soon coax one of them at least out of his tantrums. As for myself, I gathered my Marguerite robe up over my arm, and marched home rather drearily, the excitement over.

As I entered sullenly my poky little room, I was aware at once of an unwonted brightness in it. Looking eagerly around, I found that it emanated from a small white object lying on the bureau. I sprang to it, I kissed it, I sobbed over it. Without opening it, I *knew* it was just the letter for which my heart and soul were hungering!

KATE J. HILL.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN MADRID.

IT was the last Sunday in last October.

I had been invited to the *almuerzo* by the family of a wealthy merchant, whom I will call Eusebio Quisada. The custom of breakfasting, *à la française*, between eleven and one o'clock, and to take the principal meal of the day toward evening, is becoming more and more general in the larger Spanish cities, and among the better classes will soon be universal.

The breakfast at Don Eusebio Quisada's had been very much prolonged. In listening to the vivacious chit-chat of the two charming daughters of my host, Inez and Estefania, I should have forgotten to eat or drink, but for the prompting of Donna Manuela, the amiable hostess. At two o'clock we still sat over our *café noir*, which Estefania, the younger daughter, had served with unapproachable grace. Don Eusebio entertained us with a narrative of his travels in Asia

Minor and Egypt, which Inez continually interrupted with questions, that, to say the least, were very *naïve*. I divided my attention between the interesting account of the father of what he had seen in the East and the dark eyes of the beautiful daughters. And so we would have remained sipping our mocha and chatting until nightfall, if the more thoughtful mother had not interposed with her veto.

"I would suggest," said she, as Don Eusebio asked for his fourth cup, "that we ask señor to accompany us on the Prado."

"Or to the Plaza de Toros," amended Inez.

"Or to both," seconded Estefania.

Don Eusebio, like a true Spanish cavalier, was ready to comply with any reasonable demand of the fair sex. Smiling, he rolled a fresh cigarette—the Spanish ladies never object to smoking in their presence—and cast an inquiring glance in my direction.

"I shall be right glad to accompany you," said I, in the best Castilian at my command. "Nothing is more novel or can be more interesting to us foreigners than the habits and customs of the people of your beautiful capital."

"Well, then, let us go," said Don Eusebio, scratching a match. "But do you really want to go to the Toros?" he asked, somewhat deprecatingly.

"Certainly, papa!" replied Inez. "The last fight of the season is to-day. We won't remain till the end. After the fourth steer we will leave the Corrida, and walk for an hour or so in the Prado."

"And let us finish the day," proposed Donna Manuela, "by going to the Zarzuela Theatre. Don Ernesto shall see that Madrid is a little metropolis, if we do fall short of having, perhaps, one quarter of the population they have in the much-praised French capital. I shall insist on your yielding to my proposition all the more, señor, as it will necessarily secure us your company at dinner."

"I am fortunate, señora, in being honored with your commands," I replied, in as chivalric a tone as I was master of.

"Have you ever witnessed a *corrida*?" inquired Inez.

"Yes and no, señorita," I replied.

"I do not understand you."

"A genuine bull-fight, *à la española*, is not in the list of my experiences. I saw in Havre, at the time of the Exposition Maritime, a mock *corrida*, which gave the spectator a tolerable idea of what the Spanish original might be."

"A mock *corrida*?"

"Yes. The horns of the animals were rendered harmless by wooden balls that were securely fastened to their ends. And then the bulls were not killed, but led back to their stalls to fight another day."

Inez curbed her lip scornfully. Such contests were clearly not to her taste.

"A *corrida* after the fashion of our tender-hearted neighbors, the Portuguese—a colorless *corrida*, señor! Well, you shall see the difference between such a farce and a genuine life-and-death contest."

While the ladies withdrew to prepare for

the street, I discussed with Don Eusebio the latest acts of the Cortes. My host, like all Spaniards, took a lively interest in politics. He defended the course the government contemplated toward the Internationals with great warmth, and declared that the principles advocated by the deputy Salmeron were the vilest nonsense that had fallen from the lips of any Spaniard since they had gotten rid of Queen Isabella.

He was in the midst of his harangue when the door at which the ladies had retired reopened. The picture that presented itself surprised as much as it pleased me. Of Donna Manuela's appearance I will say nothing, as she, being wellnigh forty, like nearly all the women of Southern Europe of her age, had lost whatever she may have possessed in her youth of the picturesque. But Inez and Estefania looked as though they had been touched by a magic wand, that had lent them a hundred additional charms. Their heads and shoulders were enveloped in black-silk, lace-trimmed mantillas, over which were thrown open veils of the same color. In their delicate hands they held the inevitable fan—the dangerous weapon of every genuine Spanish belle, without which she feels as widowed and orphaned as a cadet without his sword. And with what bewitching grace they wield it! Every word, every movement received an additional meaning from the skillful use they make of the *ventalle*. Inez, the elder and gentler, was not so thoroughly mistress of this language of signs as her sister; and yet, had Estefania been absent, I should have thought her gestures were as pregnant with significance, and as graceful, as it would be possible to make them.

In Spain the mantilla is still a distinguishing characteristic of the national dress. In Rome one seeks in vain after the remains of former modes peculiar to the Peninsula. The toilets of the ladies who, every afternoon, visit the heights of Monte Pincio, differ but very slightly from the costume of the elegant ladies of Paris. In Spain, on the contrary, all the women, from seamstress to princess, wear the mantilla. Bonnets and hats, in spite of the endeavors of the tradesmen, are rarely seen. All efforts to make them fashionable have, thus far, failed.

We took a coach and drove across the Puerta del Sol, the principal square of the Spanish capital, to the arena before the Alcalá Gate. Right and left surged an indescribable mass of amusement-seekers. A bright, dark-blue sky lent to the variegated, noisy scene a character peculiarly southern. On bright days the atmosphere about Madrid is remarkably clear and transparent. The form and color of objects may be distinguished at great distances.

Don Eusebio led the way through the eager crowd to one of the more eligible boxes. Estefania and her father took the front and less comfortable seats—she to be the better seen, he from courtesy—while Donna Manuela, Inez, and I, formed the reserve.

The *corrida* began. The screen opened, and discovered the first victim. The bull, apparently a good-natured fellow, looked about with an air of surprise, shaking his

head as though he did not understand what was demanded of him.

The spectators set up a deafening cry, but the animal treated it with silent disdain.

"He's a cowardly wight!" said Estefania, throwing back her veil and glancing at me.

"Poor fellow!" he is not pleased with the prospect," I replied. "No wonder. I should not like to be in his place."

Estefania laughed.

"You will see," said she, "that he will not keep his temper long."

And, indeed, the *chulos* now began a series of offensive demonstrations well calculated to excite the indignation of any animal not wholly lost to all sense of self-respect. The scene reminded me of a lot of school-boys intent on teasing their master. When they had finally succeeded in getting the poor animal furious, one of the *picadores* sprang forward and gave him a thrust in the shoulder, which Estefania assured me, clapping her hands, was a masterpiece of grace.

This was more than his bullship would tamely submit to. He assumed the offensive, and in a trice he buried his horns to the roots in the sorry steed of his antagonist. When the *chulos* turned the enraged animal in another direction, the horse presented a frightful spectacle; his entrails protruded from the wound. He still kept his feet, but trembled in every limb with pain and fear.

This beginning seemed to be entirely satisfactory to the assembled multitude, for they expressed their content by a deafening round of applause. Estefania was delighted. She laughed in her most silvery tone. Donna Manuela was more moderate; she looked down into the arena with the air of one to whom such scenes were no longer a novelty, and of a connoisseur. The gentle Inez alone seemed to find no pleasure in witnessing what was passing before us.

Two grooms, by dint of hard blows, urged the unfortunate horse into a trot. In the mean time the *chulos* had directed the attention of the enraged bull again to his bleeding victim. Again he was gored. The *picador* escaped by springing to the ground as the horse fell to breathe his last. The bull revelled in his quivering flesh for a few moments, and then turned toward the second *picador*, whose horse met with the same fate as that of the first.

Estefania's eyes shone with a wondrous lustre, but, in spite of the marvellous beauty of the picture she presented, there was something in her expression that was repellent. "How could lovely woman," I asked myself, "delight in witnessing such a scene?"

"I hope you are amused," said she, with an ironical smile.

"To leave Madrid without having witnessed a bull-fight," I replied, "would be as inexcusable as to go to Rome without visiting the Vatican. For a stranger, an hour in the arena is not less interesting than instructive; but that does not prevent my wondering how any people can get amusement out of such butchery."

"Ah, the old story! You are a sentimentalist, I see."

"By no means, señorita. I would excuse your *corridos*, if they were real battles

between fairly-matched combatants; but to expose defenceless horses to the horns of an infuriated bull is repugnant to my æsthetic as well as to my moral sense. A contest between two equally strong and equally well-armed antagonists may be an interesting exhibition of skill, but the slaughtering of the defenceless is to me, under all circumstances, repulsive, even if the victim be only a Rosinante."

"You are right, señor," said Inez. "I like well enough to see the *espada*, at the risk of his life, thrust his sword into the neck of the bull, but the scene with the *picadores* I have never cared to witness."

This declaration from the lips of a Spanish woman surprised me and greatly increased the impression she had already made on me for gentleness and kindness of heart. To ask a Madrileña to feel no admiration for the feats of the *espadas* would be too much; these fellows are more lionized by the Madrid ladies than are the heroes of the opera.

When the motley-colored butcher appeared on the scene with his sharp Toledo blade, Inez's apathy quickly disappeared. A very few minutes elapsed before the shining blade was thrust to the hilt in the neck of the *toro*. Hot blood flowed from the fatally-wounded animal's mouth and nostrils. A spasmodic trembling shook his frame for a moment; he reeled, and fell dead to the ground.

Inez was delighted. Estefania thought the animal had been dispatched too quickly. She now became so absorbed in what was going on in the arena that for me she had only an occasional ironical smile. It was not till after the fourth fight, and we had left the arena, that she again honored me with her conversation.

We now turned toward the beautiful Prado, the pride of the Spanish capital. The Prado is for Madrid what the Grande Avenue is for Paris, the Cascade for Florence, the Villa Nazionale for Naples, and the Marcus Plaza for Venice. The Prado is most frequented on Sunday afternoons. In Paris and most other cities it is considered plebeian to visit the promenades on Sunday. Not so in Madrid. Here, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, all classes may be found largely represented on the Prado, the aristocracy as well as the *bourgeoisie*; consequently, Sunday, of all days in the week, one can see most of Madrid society in a given space of time.

Strangely enough, a Spanish lady very rarely takes the arm of her cavalier. While in Paris, for example, almost everybody goes arm-in-arm, in Madrid scarcely anybody does. The reason is, probably, that, were the Madrileña to lean on the arm of her cavalier, her graceful figure would be shown to less advantage, and, furthermore, she can manipulate her fan more gracefully and effectively when both hands are at liberty.

"Here comes the king!" cried Inez, suddenly.

We all looked toward the carriage-road. In an open landau, drawn by two beautiful black horses, sat his majesty Don Amadeo I. beside his decidedly stout yet handsome consort. It was now just a year since I met the then Italian prince, in Florence, as he

was driving about, making his *congé* visits preparatory to leaving for his new dominions. His face seemed to me to have become much more earnest and thoughtful in the interim. His happy, cloudless days, such as he lived when he was only the younger son of a royal house, are passed, never to return.

The promenaders saluted the king very respectfully, but there were no such rounds of *vivas* as greet Prince Humbert when he shows himself in Rome.

Estefania called my attention to the fact that the queen had adopted the mantilla, and intimated that her majesty had probably done so in the belief that it would do something toward making her popular. As she is a sensible woman, it is probable that she has done so in the belief that, while she is in Madrid, she should do as the Madrileñas do.

For an hour we strolled through the alleys, which are very like the alleys of the promenade-grounds of other large cities. The sun was nearly down before the ladies suggested that it was time to turn our steps homeward. The ever-varying picture the promenaders presented seemed to interest them not less than it did me, to whom the scene was new, and in many respects novel.

We passed through the Calle Alcalá, a wide street planted with trees, that reminds one somewhat of the Boulevard St.-Michel, Paris, to the Puerta del Sol, from which a walk of five minutes brought us to the elegant residence of Don Eusebio, in the Calle del Arenal.

The dinner was excellent and abundant, even to profusion. The Spaniard, warm as his climate is, if he can afford it, is a good liver.

When the *comida* was over, we drove, in accordance with our programme, to the Zarzuela Theatre. But I should not omit mentioning that, for this purpose, the ladies again retired to change their toilets. When they reappeared, their snow-white shoulders rose in voluptuous fulness high above their silken robes, and their long, rustling trails recalled to my mind the days when these appendages of the belles of Castile were borne by Moorish pages.

"A more beautiful model for a Salome the imagination could not picture," said I to myself, as Estefania, brilliant as the evening-star, entered the room.

The performance at the theatre was not especially edifying. The piece was a *vaudeville* of the most antiquated description, the heroine as ugly as a crow, and the hero as hoarse as a raven. Nevertheless, I was most agreeably entertained by dividing my attention between the audience and the charming sisters, whom I found by comparison to hold a high place among the Madrid beauties. Inez pointed out any number of notable people, giving me an idea in a word or two of what distinguished them from the many. None of the occupants of the better parts of the auditorium seemed to pay any attention to what was going on beyond the foot-lights; everybody found ample employment in looking at everybody else.

Estefania was a target for the opera-glasses of any number of drawing-room lions, whose glances did not, however, so far as I

could discover, make her feel at all uncomfortable.

At about half-past ten we left. It is not considered "the thing" here to wait for the last act, except on extraordinary occasions. I saw my amiable host and hostesses to their carriage, and then took leave of them, preferring to return to my hotel on foot, after having spent a most agreeable Sunday afternoon in Madrid.

PLAYING-CARDS.

THE origin of playing-cards is veiled in obscurity. The most generally credited opinion, however, is that they, as well as chess, came from the East; but another and very plausible opinion is that they were invented posterior to the time of Charlemagne—somewhere about the year 1390—to divert Charles VI. of France, who had fallen into a melancholy mood from which it was impossible to arouse him.

Breitkopf considers cards to be of Eastern origin; Bullet pronounces them French; Heineken regards them as German; and the Abbé Riné, the Hon. Daines Barrington, and the Rev. John Bowle, declare them Spanish. Among so many widely-diverse opinions, it is somewhat of a task to get at their true origin. One circumstance which might lead us to believe them of Eastern origin is, that they have always been used, from a very early period, by gypsies in telling fortunes, etc.

Cards must have been known in Europe early in the beginning, although they were not generally used till the end of the fourteenth century. In the "Book of Accounts," by Charles Poupart, treasurer to Charles VI. of France, mention is made of three packs of cards, which were bought for the diversion of the king, and which cost fifty-six sols of Paris.

As early as the fifteenth century, card-making was a regularly-established trade in Germany and Italy, and the occupation was chiefly carried on at Nuremberg by women. Augsburg and Ulm, together with Nuremberg, were the principal cities in which this trade flourished. German card-makers sent large quantities of cards to Italy; but they were declared forfeit and subject to a penalty in 1441. Heineken states that they were sent in small barrels.

Cards were known in England in the middle of the fifteenth century, and an act of Parliament was passed in the third year of Edward IV., 1463, prohibiting their importation. The reason of this act was not, as might be supposed, on account of the evils attendant upon the use of cards, but because importation interfered with the progress of home manufacture.

Macpherson, in the "Annals of Commerce," says that King Charles I., in 1631, created a monopoly of playing-cards, purchasing them all of the company, and selling them again at a much higher price.

The earliest cards used for play were stencilled. The earliest woodcut known was in 1423, and represents St. Christopher. The oldest examples of suits are: Hearts, bells, leaves, and acorns, used in Germany; swords,

cups, bâtons, and money, used in Spain, and still used there; cœur, trèfle, piquet, and carreau, used in France; these corresponding to our hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds. The face-cards—also called court and coat cards—have been distinguished, from time to time, with many different names. Père Daniel tells us that by the French the king of hearts was designated Charlemagne; king of diamonds, Cæsar; king of clubs, Alexander; king of spades, David. The queens corresponding to these were: Queen of hearts, Judith; queen of diamonds, Rachel; queen of clubs, Argine; queen of spades, Pallas.

The Jacks, or knaves, of this pack were: Of hearts, La Hire; of diamonds, Hector; of clubs, Lancelot; of spades, Hagier.

These were the earliest. Next, in the reign of Henry IV., the kings were Solomon, Augustus, Clovis, and Constantine; the queens were Elizabeth, Dido, Clothilde, and Pantaliska; while the knaves had no names, but were distinguished merely by their costume.

Again, in the time of the French Revolution, there were substituted, for the kings, Molière, La Fontaine, Voltaire, and Rousseau; for the queens, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude; while the knaves were four republicans. One is a grim-looking ruffian, with a *bonnet rouge* upon his head, and a pike in his hand; the second is a soldier with a musket, the third an artilleryman, and the fourth a young man dressed in a fanciful costume, also carrying a musket.

Another pack gives for the four kings, Solon, Cato, Rousseau, and Brutus; for the queens, Prudence, Justice, Union, and Fortitude; for the knaves, Hannibal, Horatius, P. Decimus, and M. Scævola.

There is also a republican pack, described by Reignot, where the genii are substituted for kings, the liberties for queens, and the equalities for knaves. The four genii are of war, of the arts, of peace, and of commerce; the liberties are religion, the press, marriage, and the trades; the equalities are of duties, ranks, rights, and colors. The aces of this pack are surrounded by four *faucos*, placed lozenge-wise, carrying the words, "La Loi, Rép. Franç.," and the whole colored blue. Also a pack from New York gives, instead of the kings, Washington, John Adams, Franklin, and Lafayette; for the queens, Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva; and, for the knaves, four Indian chiefs. Also a pack called "Union cards," made during the late war, gives, as the suits, stars, flags, shields, and eagles; while for the king is substituted a colonel, for the queen a goddess of liberty, and for the knave a major.

A pack of geographical cards appeared in the reign of King Charles II. of England, in which the fifty-two counties of England and Wales were geographically described on the cards. The heads of the kings appeared on the tops of the cards, on which were described the counties Hereford, Monmouth, Middlesex, and Yorkshire; the queens on Durham, Huntingdon, Radnor, and Worcestershire; and the knaves on Anglesey, Gloucester, Leicester, and Scotland.

The Italians have a game called *La Manchiata*, which is said to have been invented by

Michael Angelo, to teach children arithmetic. The pack has ninety-seven cards.

Louis XVIII. in 1818 granted a license for the manufacture of cards, and a pack made about this time has for the kings Charlemagne, Louis IX., Francis I., and Henri IV.; the queens Hildegard, Blanche de Castile, Marguerite de Valois, and Jeanne d'Albret; and the knaves Roland, Sire de Joinville, Bayard, and Sully. These are given in the costume of the period in which they lived, and according to their grade or profession.

A pack of cards, most interesting to gastronomers, teaches how to carve. Hearts means flesh; diamonds, fowl; clubs, fish; and spades, baked meats. The king of hearts presides over a sirloin of beef; the king of diamonds commands a turkey; the king of clubs dispenses a pickled herring; while the king of spades appropriates a venison pasty.

Cards have often been used for political purposes, and a pack made in Holland, during the time of the stay of King Charles II. of England there, strongly satirizes Oliver Cromwell and the Rump Parliament. These cards are all ornamented with some device, and the suits and numbers are marked on the upper corners of the cards; many of the cards have rhymes derogatory to the Cromwellians and Parliamentarians. One, alluding to John Bradshaw, the president of the commission which sentenced Charles I. to death, is as follows:

"Bradshaw, the president, proud as the pope,
That loves upon kings and princes to trample;
Now the House is dissolved, I cannot but hope,
To see such a president made an example.
"Bradshaw, the knave, sent the king to his grave,
And on the blood-royal did trample;
For which, the next Lent, he was made president,
And ere long he'll be made an example."

"John Bradshaw was his name,
How it stinks, how it stinks!
Who'll make with blacker fame
Pilate unknown.

This worse than worst of things,
Condemned the best of kings,
And what more guilt yet brings,
Know 'twas his own."

The games which are played with cards are innumerable, and it would be useless, if not impossible, to mention them all. I will mention only a few of the favorites.

Béziqne and sixty-six are the favorite games played in Germany. In every beer-saloon or coffee-house one may see parties playing either one or the other of these games. Picquet and baccarat are the pet games of France, whist of England, and euchre of America. Among our Western gamblers, poker (or bluff) is the favorite. Sailors have an especial fondness for high, low, jack, and the game. This latter game is also known by the names of seven-up, all-fours, and old-sledge. As for such purely gambling games as *faro*, *rouge-et-noir*, *vingt-un*, etc., these are almost universal.

DANIEL E. HERVEY.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

WHATEVER truth there may be in the assertion of the British critics that American literature is not, in most branches, yet mature, this cannot surely be said either of American poetry or American works on

history. Our poets and historians have exhibited a ripeness of powers rivaling English writers in these departments. Longfellow and Bryant are welcomed as equals among the throng of English-singing bards; Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft, enjoy a transatlantic fame which ranks them with Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, with Thiers, Guizot, and Sismondi.

It is less frequent for Americans than for Europeans to combine literary with political eminence; yet it is difficult to say in which of these two fields Mr. Bancroft may be more properly classed. While other American historians have chosen as the subjects of their works distant scenes, foreign nations, and epochs more or less remote—Prescott portraying Spanish and Mexican events, Motley those which appertained to the Dutch Republic, and Kirk the great wars of Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy—Bancroft has found it the labor of a lifetime to collect, arrange, and present to the American people the authentic annals of their own rise, progress, and achievement of independence. On the other hand, he was long an active and successful politician, attaining to high offices and enjoying distinguished political honors; while in the neighboring field of diplomacy he has twice represented the country with dignity and undoubted usefulness abroad.

GEORGE BANCROFT has just entered upon his seventy-third year, and is at present United States envoy extraordinary at the court of the recently-restored German Empire. At the time of his birth, in October, 1800, his father was a prominent Unitarian clergyman at Worcester, Massachusetts, and may be judged to have possessed a decided literary taste, which took the direction of historical studies; for he wrote and published a "Life of Washington." His son George was educated at Worcester, and in his thirteenth year entered Harvard College, from which he graduated four years later with high honors, and in a class noted for the number of afterward eminent men which it contained. Bancroft was distinguished throughout his college career for a constant application to his books, and the quickness as well as the retentiveness of his memory. He early formed a taste for German letters, and the year after his graduation at Harvard he sailed for Europe, and took up his residence first at Göttingen and then at Berlin, being privileged to hear the lectures of the two great German scholars Heeren and Schlosser. While in Germany, Bancroft became imbued with that enthusiastic devotion to the literature of the country, and that reverence for the peculiar processes and tone of German thought which few persons of superior mental calibre who study there are able to resist. At the time of his residence in Göttingen and Berlin, Goethe was still the living demi-god of German thinkers and readers, and still held his countrymen delighted subjects to the speciousness of his philosophy and the undoubted splendor of his poetry. His influence was then universal, and it is not surprising that a gifted young American student should share the fascination and yield to the spell. The study of Goethe and of Schiller and Wieland, then not long dead,

and of Schlegel and Schelling, who were, with Goethe, living relics of that incomparable group of philosophers and poets who flourished at the court of Weimar early in the century, inspired the young American with a zeal for German letters and metaphysics which Bancroft strongly manifested on returning to his native land.

After finishing his university studies in Germany, he made the tour of England, Switzerland, and Italy, then a far different undertaking from what it is in these days of steamers and Mont-Cenis tunnels, and arrived home after an absence of four years. His scholarly accomplishments at once secured him an appointment as tutor of Greek at Harvard College, which position, however, he did not long hold. He had formed a project for infusing into the New-England system of education some of the German methods of instruction, and, with this design, he took charge of a school in Northampton, Massachusetts. But the time had not come to transplant into this country any foreign models of education or thought. German literature was then almost unknown here, and the German language scarcely taught at all. During the half-century which has since elapsed both have made their way, owing partly to the constant and constantly-increasing immigration of Germans, and the adoption of this country as their homes by many superior German minds, and partly because we have grown somewhat in intellectual stature, and such teachers as Carlyle and Emerson have opened to American thinkers the before-hidden treasures of German thought. Bancroft's idea, though it had no immediate success, bore final fruit. He was originally intended for the Unitarian ministry; but he became so absorbed in literary occupations that this was abandoned. At the same time he took a zealous interest in the politics of the day, avowed himself a disciple of Jefferson, and declared himself for democracy, universal suffrage, and free-trade. He began to write for the public journals and reviews, adopting the vein and tone of German scholars, and choosing his topics, for the most part, from his store of German learning. He exhibited in these writings a strong native sense, which, though somewhat affected by German "transcendentalism," was not carried away by the mystical and often visionary ideas of his favorite authors. His first publication in a book-form was a small volume of poems, when he was in his twenty-third year, which, however, did not have a brilliant success, and seems to have proved to him that the lyric muse was not his forte. He next devoted himself to a translation of the principal work of his distinguished preceptor, Heeren, "Historical Treatises;" a work well worthy of his scholarship.

Meanwhile, he began to take an active part in the politics of the day as a supporter of Mr. Monroe's administration, and a zealous advocate of the then Republican party, writing pamphlets of more than common ability, and delivering orations which were well received even in the critical atmosphere of Boston. He became one of the leaders of the Massachusetts Democracy, and, in 1838, was selected by President Van

Buren as collector of the port of Boston, in which lucrative office he remained until, in 1841, he was superseded by the Whig administration of President Harrison. He remained steadfast to the party which has always been in a minority in Massachusetts, and received the reward of his fidelity to the principles with which he started in life by his selection as the Democratic candidate for governor in 1844; although he was defeated, his personal popularity enabled him to receive a much larger vote than was usually secured by the Democrats. He entered actively upon the national campaign of that year, frequently speaking in favor of Mr. Polk, who was a personal as well as a political friend. On Polk's election, he at once tendered to Bancroft a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, which was accepted. This office he filled acceptably to the President and the country for about a year and a half, being succeeded, in September, 1846, by John Y. Mason, of Virginia. He was associated in the cabinet with Buchanan, Marcy, and Robert J. Walker. While Secretary of the Navy, he urged and secured the foundation of the Naval School at Annapolis, which alone would secure him fame as a statesman; he also did much to aid the observatory at Georgetown, a work well befitting one who was more a scholar than a politician. His retirement from the Navy Department was not owing to any disagreement with his chief or colleagues; for, immediately afterward, he was appointed minis-

ter plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the court of St. James. This position was most congenial to his abilities and tastes. Its comparative leisure afforded him opportunities to investigate, at their source, many important facts bearing upon the early settlement of this country, and especially upon the political conditions in England, which resulted in the oppressive measures of George Grenville's ministry, and the consequent resistance of the colonies. Access was readily afforded him to the archives which served this purpose in the State-paper office and the British Museum. England was flattered that Amer-

ica should send, as her representative to that court, one of her most distinguished scholars; and Oxford University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, an honor very rarely given by that aristocratic corporation to an American.

Mr. Bancroft remained, as minister in London, three years, when General Taylor succeeded to the presidency, and Abbott Lawrence was selected to replace him. He then returned to the United States, settled down in New York, and devoted himself for many years thereafter to literary studies and occupations. He joined the Republican party on

that power. His early German education, and his knowledge of German literature, peculiarly fitted him to assume his present office, though it is to be regretted that his history should be so long neglected. He has always been outspoken—it may be, too outspoken—in his admiration for Prince Bismarck, and the policy and means by which the German premier has consolidated the present empire. It is, at least, of advantage to the country that our representative should be in cordial personal relations with "the powers that be," in the country where he resides.

Bancroft's "History of the United States,"

the only elaborate work upon that already vast subject, is not yet completed, though the tenth and last volume is now in press. The author proposed, when he began it, to write "A History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time;" but the subject has year by year grown upon him, until now, nearly forty years after the first volume was published, he finds himself still telling the story of the Revolution, with the end of which he now proposes to complete his task. The first volume treats of the earliest voyages hitherward of the Icelanders, Columbus, Cabot, and the French; of the Spanish and English settlements; and the colonization of Virginia, Maryland, and New England. The second proceeds to narrate the course of events from the restoration of the Stuarts to their expulsion in 1688; and the third brings the story down to the first scenes of the Revolu-

tion, which the fourth takes up, and the rest amplify as far as the historian has gone. The eighth volume only reaches the month of July, 1776. From this it may be observed how large the historian's plan has been, and how minute the researches he must have pursued during this long period of literary labor. The style is dry, often to an arid degree, occasionally dogmatic, and always expressive of positive convictions deliberately formed; but it is also clear, to the purpose, and full of dignity. Bancroft can scarcely lay a claim to the graces which fascinate in the pages of Macaulay and Motley; but his manner, at



GEORGE BANCROFT.

its formation, and sometimes appeared at public meetings as an orator, but otherwise took no part in political affairs. His oration, in the national House of Representatives, on the occasion of Lincoln's death, will not soon be forgotten. His severe but just comments on the course of England during the war, in the presence of the British minister, called out the earnest indignation of the English press. He was appointed, by President Johnson, minister plenipotentiary to Berlin, in place of Mr. Judd; and when, about a year since, the German Empire was established, he was continued as our representative at the court of

least, impresses the reader with his impartiality, as much as does that of the others whom we have mentioned. With all the influences of his German education, he betrays on every page his thorough native sympathy with the principles upon which our great union of commonwealths was founded, and which have given the continent its opportunities of intellectual, moral, and material growth. No one who reads this history, the only tolerably complete record of the rise of the nation, will doubt that the author is a democrat in the larger sense of the word, zealous in the task of displaying the triumphs of democracy on a new field, and buckling himself to his great design, *con amore*, and provided with every accessible testimony within his reach. His task was gigantic, and so far he has done it well. His history has not only served to unfold to Americans the panorama of their beginnings as a settlement and then as a nation, but Europeans are able to peruse this remarkable narrative in the many translations which have been made of it. The historian's merit has been recognized at home by high political and literary honors; abroad the same recognition has been given, for universities have hastened to confer upon him their degrees, and learned associations their medals and fellowships; and both at home and abroad his great and laborious work has been accepted as the standard History of the United States.

THE TRIAS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TRIAS, or triassic, is the technical name given to the geological formation familiarly styled the "new red sandstone," in distinction from the "old red," or Devonian.

As its name indicates, the rocks composing this formation are, for the most part, red sandstones and shales.

It introduces in geologic history mesozoic, or mediæval time, embracing only the reptilian age. This age marked the culmination and succeeding decline of the huge reptilian forms which at that time dwelt upon our globe, and is also made prominent by the appearance of the first birds and mammals. As applied to this portion of geologic history, the title "reptilian age" is singularly appropriate. These leviathan-like saurians, in comparison with whom similar existing forms are but as dwarfs, basked themselves in the sunshine of our mediæval world, the mighty and almost sole possessors of its shallow seas and estuaries. The unique forms of these gigantic monsters combined, in one structure, the characteristics of many species widely distinct from each other; yet, by this strange combination, apparently so devoid of order, they were rendered remarkably distinct, and peculiarly fitted for their mode of life—a fact sufficient of itself to compel us to renounce the theory which would, as applied to these creatures, place them as merely connecting links to fill up hiatuses in the great chain of development. In regard to that hypothesis, we would say that the support it is supposed to derive from the existence in the past of these forms is greatly exaggerated, since the only

theory of development yet elaborated claims the evolution of new structures from preëxisting ones by gradual steps, and not by the evolution of forms widely separated from all that ever preceded or have come after them, as are those of the reptilian age. Thus the ichthyosaurus,* the largest of these mediæval saurians, attained in some cases the enormous length of twenty-four feet, combining, in its single structure, the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the vertebrae of a fish, the sternum of an ornithorhynchus, and the paddles of a whale; while by uniting the head of a lizard with the teeth of a crocodile, a neck resembling the body of a serpent, the trunk and tail of a quadruped, the ribs of a chameleon, and the paddles of a whale, we have before us the plesiosaurus, an animal closely allied to the ichthyosaurus, the structure of which Cuvier characterized as "the most monstrous that had yet been found among the ruins of a former world." If forms differing less from the ordinary types, or exhibiting some of the minute steps intermediate between the fixed structures, were discovered, the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus might be claimed as transitional forms; but, so long as the more minute changes cannot be traced, it must be acknowledged that the existence of these huge saurians, so complicated in structure, yet so distinct, affords little or no support to the theory of gradual development.

These complicated forms characterized the reptilian age, and are certainly one of its most distinguishing features; the only animal now existing that may be said to approach in any great degree this complex structure is the ornithorhynchus; but even this is but a very distant approach. The triassic period, which is the earliest of the reptilian age in an ascending series, partakes to a great extent of the character of the age; and during this period in the early geologic ages of our earth many strange and novel forms dwelt upon its surface, whose existence only is recorded in the imperishable, but, to a certain extent, fragmentary annals of the "great stone-book of Nature." The name trias refers to a threefold division which this formation presents in Germany. In the United States, this division, which is merely local, is lost; the formation covers, however, but a small area as compared to some others; yet some of its most interesting features are best developed, and its distinguishing characteristics most prominent. According to Professor Dana, the trias extends over two distinct areas: one situated along the Atlantic border, in which the beds are, for the most part, parallel to the coast-line or mountains; the other located in the Western part of the country, on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. On the Atlantic border, the rocks are distributed in distinct and separate patches, most of them covering but small areas. The first range occupies the Connecticut Valley, extending one hundred miles in length, and in width about twenty. The remaining portions of the Atlantic border region extend in a more or less straight line along the coast from the lower Hudson to North Carolina. The Palisade range, covering portions of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Vir-

ginia, is by far the most extensive; and it is owing to the peculiar tint imparted to the soil of that State by the disintegration of the rocks of this period that "New-Jersey mud" has acquired its world-wide celebrity. Grave doubts have been entertained, however, regarding the period to which the rocks forming the Western interior region, generally supposed to be triassic, are to be referred. Although extending over considerable space, they are remarkably destitute of organic remains, so that geologists have no proper data from which to decide. It is known that the beds on the eastern slope of the mountains occupy a position intermediate between true jurassic and permian, hence they must be either inferior jurassic or triassic; future discoveries alone can fully decide the question. The triassic period of the past history of our country was marked by violent volcanic action; especially have the beds along the Atlantic border been subjected to disturbances from this cause. The whole area has been broken into, upheaved, and distorted, by the intrusion of volcanic rocks, which partake of a trapezoidal character. The Palisades, which add so much to the romantic scenery of the Hudson, Bergen Hill, the mountains around Orange, and in other parts of New Jersey, were thrown up through the sandstone by volcanic agencies at this period. Professor Dana,* as proof that the trap was ejected in a melted state, says that, in some places where the sandstone is in close connection with the ridges, it is often baked into a grit, and blown up by steam, so as to present the appearance of scoræ. He likewise attributes the red hue of the sandstone to the oxidation of particles of magnetic iron contained in it, caused by the heat of the melted trap. About thirteen miles east from Richmond, Virginia, this formation encloses a regular coal-field, nearly twenty-six miles long and six miles wide. This field has indeed been referred to the jurassic,† but both Professor Dana and Sir Charles Lyell have decided it to be triassic.

The Virginian coal-measures are made up of grits, sandstones, and shales, similar to those of primary date in Europe and America, and are equal, if not superior, to these more ancient fields in the richness of the seams.

According to Mr. Lyell, the main seam in some portions of it is from thirty to forty feet in thickness, and contains the best quality of bituminous coal. As the triassic period introduced a change in the fauna of the ancient world, so also did it inaugurate a similar change in its flora. Sigillaria and stigmaria, which characterized the carboniferous age, gave place to new forms, for the most part cycads, resembling externally the palms, and in internal structure the conifers.

The fauna of this period consisted, with the exception of a few insects and crustaceans, of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals, the last two appearing now for the first time. A small number of fossils have been obtained from Prince Edward's Island, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina; but by far the greater number of the animals of this period are known only by the footprints they have left indelibly stamped upon the rocks, and which

* "Manual of Geology," p. 422.

† Professor W. B. Rogers.

* Buckland, "Bridgewater Treatise," pp. 134, 158.

remain to attest the fact of their existence long after all other traces of them have passed away. The paucity of fossils in this formation has generally been accounted for by supposing that the sandstone was unfavorable to the preservation of the skeletons of the animals; this explanation, however, is not on all accounts satisfactory, for, in the Devonian age, composed of rocks of a similar character, many of the most delicate organisms were well preserved, and there is a great abundance of organic remains. The incompleteness of this portion of the geologic record has been seized upon by Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, and other advocates of the development hypothesis, to do away with the objection already referred to, drawn from the absence of transitional forms. They suppose that, inasmuch as during the triassic period numerous animals existed of which we have no fossil remains, a similar paucity may have existed at other periods, and intermediate structures may have from time to time appeared and perished, and we be unable to discover any traces of them. Mr. Mivart, in his recent work "On the Genesis of Species," shows that there is little force in this reasoning, since we have scores of identical structures preserved as fossils, and in no case any representing the incipient stages of development or transitional forms. Thus, in a less ancient portion of the reptilian age, of which we have already spoken, we have numerous skeletons of ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs as fossils, yet in no case presenting any tendency to development, nor furnishing intermediate forms.

Mr. Mivart,* speaking of this subject, says: "Had such a slow mode of origin, as Darwinians contend for, operated exclusively in all cases, it is absolutely incredible that birds, bats, and pterodactyls, should have left the remains they have, and yet not a single relic be preserved in any one instance of any of these different forms of wing in their incipient and relatively imperfect functional condition!"

The footprints of the inhabitants of our globe during the triassic period have been found in greatest numbers in the celebrated quarries of the Connecticut Valley; they are also met with occasionally in the quarries near Newark, New Jersey, which furnish a great part of the "freestone" which plays so important a part in the architecture of our metropolis; in both places they are associated with ripple-marks and prints of rain-drops, whole slabs being sometimes covered with alternate ridges and depressions, exactly similar to those left on the sea-shore by the retreating waves of the ocean. These circumstances show that the prints, ripple-marks, and rain-prints, were made while the sand was wet and soft, and that it had an opportunity to harden before succeeding waves effaced the impressions.

In almost every case we have the print of the foot itself, and a cast of it formed by the overlying strata when in a soft and pliable state, and which must be a tolerably exact representation of the foot of the animals. Over eight thousand of these prints have been collected by Professor Hitchcock, the former president of Amherst College, who has most

carefully studied them. Among these are supposed to be the prints of thirty species of birds, four of lizards, two of chelonians, and six of batrachians. The prints, which are undoubtedly reptilian, vary in length from one-fourth to twenty inches.

To the animal known by the largest of these, Professor Hitchcock has given the name *Otosom Moodii*.* This animal, as shown by its footprints, took a step three feet in length, walked like a biped, only occasionally touching its fore-feet to the ground, the impressions of which are seldom distinct.

Often the whole face of the rock will be so covered with the prints that it is impossible to recognize any of them. One very fine slab, thirty feet in length, and containing eleven of the largest species, is now in the cabinet of Amherst College. The structure of the foot of these monsters, as shown by their footmarks, resembled in many respects those of birds. Professor Dana mentions that the toes of the hind-feet of one of the species, *Anomopus scambus*, has two, three, and four phalanges successively, a deviation from the present structure of reptiles, but which marked the iguanodon, the huge monster of the Welden epoch, discovered by Dr. Mantell, in Tilgate Forest, in Sussex, England, which is shown by its fossil remains to have been at least seventy feet in length, † and closely allied to the modern iguanas, the largest of which seldom exceed five feet in length; thus forcing upon us the conclusion, confirmed by the other forms brought to light by the investigations of the geologist, that the earth is now peopled with dwarfs, as compared to the gigantic monsters, its inhabitants in the distant ages of the past. In regard to the prints referred to birds, geologists are somewhat undecided. It is maintained by some that they belong to reptiles; this view has gained some strength by the discovery of three-toed reptile prints. Still, the highest authorities—Professor Dana, in this country, and Sir Charles Lyell, in England—favor the opinion that they are the tracks of birds.

One very fine specimen, obtained from Turner's Fall, Connecticut, by Dr. Deane, had preserved the impression of the skin, which Professor Owen declared to resemble the skin of the ostrich rather than of a reptile. One great obstacle in the way of this belief has been the immense size of the birds, as shown by their tracks, some of which are two feet in length, and must have been made by an individual probably fourteen feet high.

This objection has, as Sir Charles Lyell says, been much weakened by the discovery of the gigantic *dinornis* of New Zealand, according to Dana, from ten to twelve feet in height, and the *sepiornis* of Madagascar, of about the same height, whose egg, measuring thirteen and a half inches, had six times the capacity of that of the ostrich. Professor Louis Agassiz has said that these largest impressions might belong to a large bipedal batrachian; but these are mere suppositions, and seem to want any firm basis of reasoning. Mr. Lyell says, ‡ as opposed to these hypothe-

ses: "The great number of American impressions agree so precisely in form and size with the foot-marks of known living birds, especially with those of waders, that we shall act most in accordance with known analogies by referring most of them at present to feathered rather than featherless bipeds." Professor Huxley* has thrown out a suggestion that these foot-marks are not those of true birds, but of more or less ornithic reptiles. Professor Dana, † who inclines to a contrary opinion, as already said, obtained a strong argument in favor of his views from analysis of the coprolites, which are to be found in great abundance in these beds, which agree in composition with the excrements of birds, and not reptiles. It therefore seems to be a question of dispute between geologists and naturalists, the former declaring in favor of birds, the latter in favor of reptiles. We must leave the decision to them, though, as the evidence now stands, it seems to favor the geologists. It is not, however, the questions of dispute among scientists which possess value in our eyes, but the grand discoveries brought to light through their instrumentality, which, in this age of the dissemination of scientific knowledge, must engage the attention of every thinking mind.

FRANCIS ROWLAND

IN THE GLEN.

See ILLUSTRATION, page 212.

DEEPS on deeps of glossy leaves,
Fragrant breath of briony;
Oh, the dream your beauty weaves
This summer morn to me!

Sunlight dappling mossy banks,
Chir of insects, bowers cool,
Winds that away the reedy ranks
By shadowed marsh and pool;

Silver trills of happy birds,
And the babble of the brook—
Seem to tell in loving words
Their joy, in every nook.

Far away the locust calls—
Idle gossip of the air—
Sweet contentment round me falls;
The wild-wood's joy I share.

Gone the turmoil and the fret;
Gone the city's glare and din;
Past the care and vain regret:
The calm at last I win.

Shut away from all the world—
Oh, the sense of keen delight!—
One, with wild-flowers, dew-impearled,
Sharing the oak-trees' might.

"Joy!" the green leaves whisper round;
"Joy!" the dimpled brook replies;
"Joy!" breathe forth the grassy ground,
And yonder placid skies.

Peace and love and endless joy!
Oh, far from care away—
Far from all that may annoy—
How sweet is life to-day!

GEORGE COOPER.

* Hitchcock, *Memoirs of American Academy*. New Series, vol. III., p. 129, 1848.

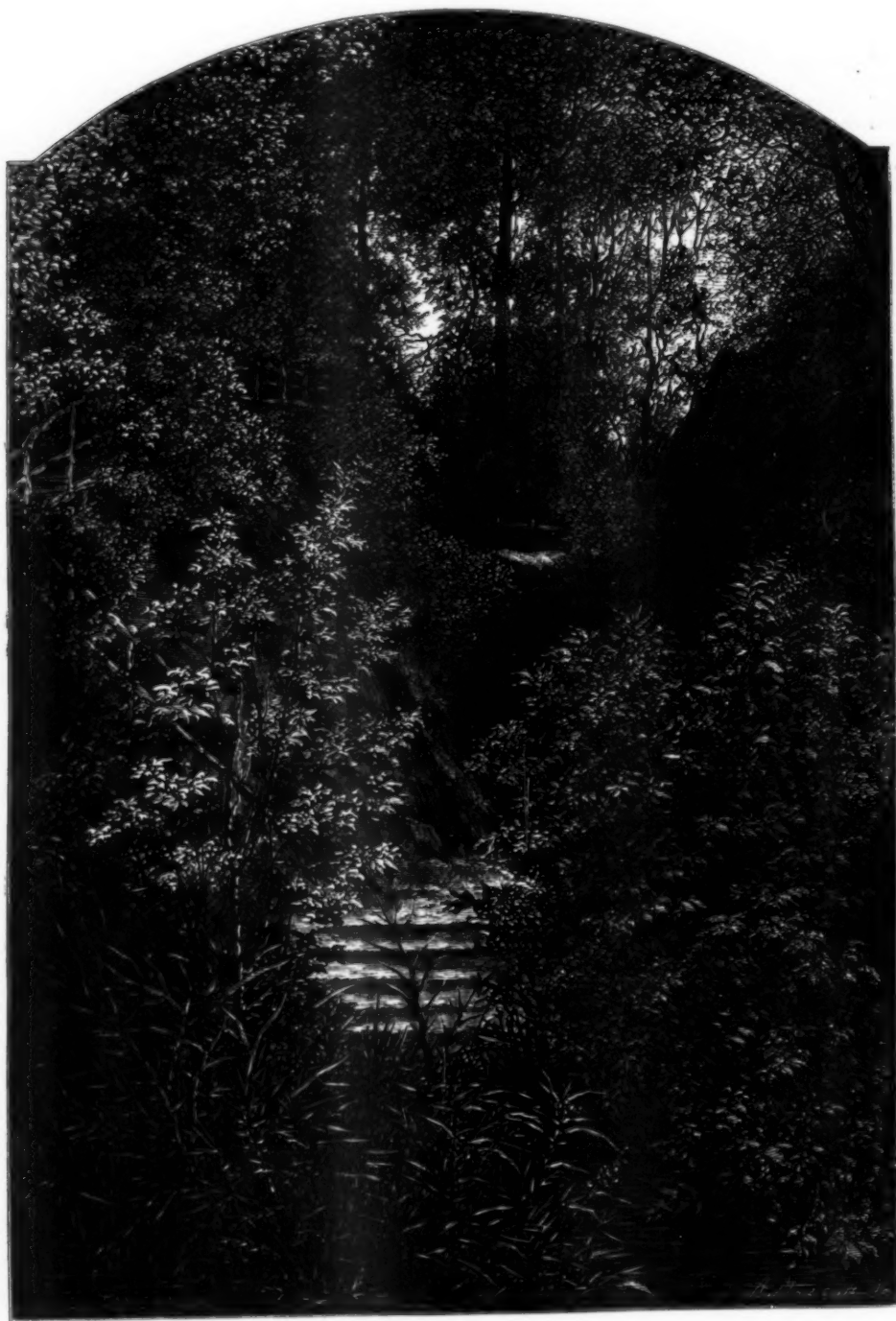
† Buckland, "Bridgewater Treatise," v. I., p. 187.

‡ "Elements of Geology," sixth edition, p. 455.

* "Genesis of Species," p. 129.

* "Genesis of Species."—Mivart, p. 130.

† "Manual of Geology," p. 435.



IN THE GLEN.

1872.]

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LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR.
THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SUNDAY AT HIGH BEECH.—LADY SWEETAPPLE
HEARS OF EDITH.

THE rest of that Sunday was duller than usual for Harry Fortescue. He was quite as dull as Edward Vernon; and as two dulls do not make one bright, they went about looking very much as though they were to be executed next morning. If Harry Fortescue had only dared, he would have gone back to Lupus Street after luncheon, and taken Edith and her sister to afternoon church—they were so unprotected. When he ventured on some such remark to Edward, Edward only replied: "They were just as much unprotected before."

"Yes, but we did not know it," said Harry.

So, too, Edward Vernon, if he had dared, would have put himself into the train, and gone down to High Beech. If he had only known how welcome he would have been, in spite of E. P., both to Lady Carlton and Alice, he would have gone; but then he did not know it, and knowing or not knowing whether you will be welcome makes such a difference.

So the two walked in the Park, and dined at the club, and saw all the old fogies settling the affairs of the nation, and talking scandal of their neighbors, quite as spitefully as Mrs. Grimalkin and Mrs. Tabby over a cup of tea. Then they began to yawn, we mean after dinner, and had a smoke in the smoking-room, but somehow or other their cigars were tasteless; and then they resolved to go home and have an early night, and Mrs. Boffin was astonished to find "her gentlemen" back on her return from a Sunday outing which she had taken with a friend to 'Ampstead by the Underground Railway.

Nor was that Sunday very lively at High Beech. All the party appeared in High-Beech Church, except Count Pantouffles, who declared he should never hear the last of it if his director heard he had attended a place of Protestant worship.

So Count Pantouffles stayed away, good Christian that he was; and, if any one chooses, he may quote this speech of his as a proof that there is a future state, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice punished. How he spent his time while the rest were away is not known. Perhaps in reading a French novel, as we have heard he always carried one in his portmanteau; perhaps in playing billiards; perhaps in smoking. But we may be quite sure that, whatever he was doing, it was not such an act of horrible wickedness, in his own eyes, as attending a Protestant service, he being a Roman Catholic.

However, they all got on very well without him. Lord Pennyroyal was as aristocratic and economic as usual. He never wore gloves, because they were so expensive—an opinion which we are sure half the young men in the world will reëcho, and only wish they could dare to follow his example. But then they

must remember that it is only a very aristocratic person who can fly in the face of the usages of society and escape censure. Lord Pennyroyal protested against wearing gloves by having only one pair a year, and by wearing them, if it can be called wearing, crumpled up in his left hand. So he appeared in church at High Beech, on the 5th of June, 1870. He wore a very seedy Nichol's paletot, trousers to match, and one of those cheap hats which, as we knew, he was about to barter away on Monday. Taking him as he stood, an old-clothes man might have offered him ten shillings for his attire; even then he must have thrown in his boots to clinch the bargain. And yet Lord Pennyroyal looked every inch a lord. There was that nobility about him which defied alike the degrading effects of stinginess and shabbiness; and, just as when you heard him prosing about subsoil drainage and sugar-beet you could not help feeling that there was something grand and noble about him, so even in attire which would only have fetched in Rag Fair the sum we have named you saw that Lord Pennyroyal was a man and a nobleman for all that.

Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton looked what they were as they sat in the Carlton pew—eminently pleasant, genial, trustworthy people. Colonel Barker and his wife stole off to church before the others, as Mrs. Barker said it did not do Colonel Barker good to walk so fast to church, but really because she wished to have a little of her Jerry all to herself, to use her own words.

"I have seen so little of you, Jerry dear, since we have been here, I wish we were safe back at home."

"The sooner the better, for my liking," was the colonel's gallant reply.

Soon after them started Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, or rather Mrs. Marjoram and her husband, much as you might say a shepherd and his dog, or an Italian boy and his marmoset. Mr. Beeswing said he was sure she was going to make him say all the hard bits in the catechism on the way to church, and he certainly looked as rueful as any charity-boy on a Sunday morning before he has repeated the collect. Florry and Alice and Lady Sweetapple went in a little knot by themselves.

"There go the lilies of the field," said Mr. Beeswing. "Shall I come with you as Solomon?"

"We are contented with our own glory," said Amicia; "and, at any rate, we have wisdom enough to last us till we get to church."

But it was very little wisdom the three talked. They said little, but that little was all about E. P.; and Edith's ears ought to have tingled just about the time of the second lesson in St. Barnabas, for just at that very moment Amicia had said, in reply to Alice, who declared she had reason to believe that E. P. was a very harmless person: "It is just these harmless persons who do so much harm in the world, my dear. Who can tell what harm this Edith Price—for we all know that E. P. means a young lady of that name—who can tell what harm this very innocent person may be doing to each of us at this very moment?"

A speech and sentiment so literally true that Amicia, when the revisers of the Bible

have pulled the old text and canon to pieces—which we trust will be a long time first—ought to be added to Deborah as one of the female prophets.

And now they are in church. Mr. Rubrick was nearly as high as the incumbent of St. Barnabas, only he regretted that the ignorance of a rural population would not allow him to make the service as perfect as he could have wished. As it was, it was what Mr. Beeswing called "very near the wind," as near, we should say, as a cutter can get it, and that is nearer than any other craft. We do not object to it, but Mrs. Marjoram did, and she was a great authority.

"How did you like it?" asked Mr. Beeswing of that rigid lady, as they were walking back from church.

"I call it a performance, and not a service," said Mrs. Marjoram, as Lady Sweetapple's singing had been called by that name.

"What is the difference between a performance to be served in church and a service to be performed, as the rubric says, in the same place?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Marjoram. "You had better ask Mr. Rubrick."

Amicia and the young ladies went back as they came, discussing E. P., and trying, in the case of the Carltons, to get Lady Sweetapple to remove the prohibition about mentioning Edith Price to any human being.

"We really ought to tell mamma," said Alice, whose mind was much easier after Edward's reassuring expressions.

"I shall tell her," said Florry. "Girls ought to keep nothing concealed from their mother."

"You really must not," said Amicia—"not, at least, till Tuesday. I have a reason for wishing my secret to be kept till then."

"Well, then, on Tuesday morning early," said Florry.

"On Tuesday morning you may tell what I told you," said Amicia; and, as she said this, she thought she had been very clever, for on Tuesday she should have seen Harry Fortescue, and reckoned fully on having him at her feet. You see she had faith in herself, this very clever descendant of the great house of Smith.

We have nothing more to tell of that Sunday at High Beech, except that it was quiet, calm, and pleasant. As different from that smoky London Sunday as heaven is from earth. They all went to church again in the afternoon, and heard another sermon, this time from the curate, on the Immaculate Conception. Then they walked by the river, and saw the kingfishers feeding their young, as if it were not Sunday, and the big fish eating the little ones without remorse. They saw all animals and all Nature breaking the Sabbath, and felt that they were men, and Christian men and women, whose natural instincts were restrained by respect for the holy day.

Next morning they were all up with the lark; for were they not all going away? We pass over the departure—how Lord Pennyroyal looked noble, and Lady Pennyroyal like an angel; how Count Pantouffles bowed and bowed; how Mr. Beeswing was genial to the last; how glad Colonel and Mrs. Barker were.

to get back to town; how Mrs. Marjoram had neglected her duties too long; and—though last, not least—how delighted Amicia was that the visit was over, and that she should get back to Lowndes Street and see Harry Fortescue.

The absurd thing was that Florry and Alice were quite sorry to part with her, for, as long as she stayed, was she not a link between them and their lovers, and, when she was gone, might she not come between them and the objects of their affection?

"I am so glad she is going," said Florry to Alice, "and yet, after all, she can do me less harm here than I know she will in town."

"Don't fret, darling," said Alice, "she will never win Harry Fortescue."

"Oh," said Florry, "you say that because you feel so safe with Edward."

"That's because I trust him," said Alice. "Why can't you trust Harry in the same way?"

"Ah, if I only could," said Florry; and then she sighed and sobbed.

"Now do cheer up," said Alice; "you know we shall meet them both at Ascot next week."

"How do I know that?" said Florry; "and how do you know it?"

"I heard mamma settle it all with Lady Pennyroyal. We are to go there this day week for Ascot Races. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes, if my enemy does not get possession of Harry in the mean time," said Florry, sulkily.

So they saw them all off in the break, and barouche, and brougham, and two carts carried off a mountain of luggage, and then High Beech relapsed into its usual condition, and Mr. Podager had a rest from his labors.

Amicia reached town before luncheon; and, as soon as ever she got to town, she sent a message to old Lady Charity, in Eaton Place, to say that she wanted to see her particularly that afternoon, and would call on her between five and six.

Old Lady Charity was a very remarkable woman. She was called old because no one knew how old she was; but, to look at, she might have been as old as Mrs. Methuselah, and older. Her face was all a web of wrinkles, like the rind of a melon; her teeth were too faultless to be real; and her eyes were the only features which remained as they had been when she was young. They were preternaturally bright and fine, and, though some people compared them to the eyes of a toad, many a woman fifty years younger might have been glad to have such jewels in her head. Lady Charity was not very tall, but she was very limp—she was like a bundle of clothes supported on two mop-sticks, and, but for her eyes, she would have been nothing. But you could see by them that she was a woman of energy, and yet they were so soft it was plain that she had the kindest heart.

"I try to do no wrong myself," she used to say, "but I well know how hard it is not to do wrong; and so I really think I sympathize more with sinners than with the vir-

tuous. At any rate, they deserve our pity more."

And so it was that, while other people were breaking the sinners' heads with their precious balms, or heaping coals of fire on their heads, Lady Charity was ever ready pouring in oil and wine and playing the Good Samaritan.

"Now," said Amicia, when she had heard that Lady Charity would be very glad to see her between five and six—"now I feel as if I had the ball at my foot. But, first of all, I must find out something about this Edith Price. I think I had better send Crump to find out."

So Crump was duly summoned, and warned to be cautious, and, after she had "her" dinner, "which it was that she had waited too long for," she was to go to No. — Lupus Street, and try and find out something about Miss Price.

"You must not mention my name, you know, Crump," said Lady Sweetapple. "I only send you because I take an interest in the young person."

"Of course, my lady," said Mrs. Crump—"of course, I shall say nothing about you. Shall I try to see the young person, my lady?"

"Yes, by all means, Crump, if you can; and, if you see her, you might ask her if she would like a situation in the country, because you think you know a lady who could find her one."

"Yes, my lady," said Mrs. Crump; "I understand it all now." And down she went to "her" dinner.

"If I could only get her out of town," said Amicia, "and take Harry with me to Ascot, I should breathe more freely. But I do hope Crump will be discreet, and not compromise me in the matter."

After luncheon Lady Sweetapple ordered her carriage and drove out. We really cannot say how many shops she went to, except that she went to ever so many which she had visited just before she left town. She spent two hours in these flights from shop to shop, and then she went to Lady Charity's in Eaton Place.

"Oh, dear Lady Charity, I am so glad to see you!" said Amicia, running up and embracing the bundle of rags.

"So, my dear, am I to see you," said Lady Charity. "And how have you enjoyed the country? I see by your looks that you have been very happy."

"Not so happy as I wished," said Amicia, sadly. "Several things happened that put me out very much."

"And what were they, my dear?" said Lady Charity, handing her a cup of tea.

"It is a very long story," said Amicia. "But what should you say if I told you that I met at High Beech my first love?"

"First love!" said Lady Charity; "why, I should say it was not so pleasant as meeting one's last love."

"Yes," said Amicia, pettishly. "But suppose I told you I met there both my first and my last love?"

"That depends if you were off with your first love," said Lady Charity.

"Of course I was off with him," said Amicia. "It was years ago, you know. But still it was not pleasant."

"Of course not," said Lady Charity, sipping her tea. "Did any thing happen?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Lady Sweetapple. "No one knew that I met my first love except myself and the first love himself. I stopped his mouth very cleverly."

"I always knew that you were very clever," said Lady Charity. "But how did you stop his mouth?"

"By leading him on, and making him believe I might still be a little in love with him, and that he might love me just a little."

"Rather a dangerous game to carry on under the eyes of the last love. How did he take it?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said Amicia. "But, dear Lady Charity, can I confide in you? This last love has a love of his own, and I want to find out all about her."

"Is Harry Fortescue in love with Florry Carlton?" asked Lady Charity. "A little bird told me he was as good as engaged to her."

"Then a little bird told a great story," said Amicia. "It's all a mixing up of the two sisters. Edward Vernon is as good as engaged to Alice Carlton, but I am as sure as I sit here that Harry Fortescue is not engaged to Florence Carlton, though of course she would be very glad if he were."

"Who, then, is Harry Fortescue's love of whom you are so afraid?" said Lady Charity, her eyes glistening with desire to worm out this secret.

"Oh, nobody—only a young person, not a lady," said Amicia; "in fact, I hardly know what she is, but her name is Edith Price, and she lives in Lupus Street."

"That's a very odd street for a lady to live in," said Lady Charity.

"Just what I said," said Amicia. "She can't be a lady; but, for all that, Harry Fortescue writes to her, and she answers him by advertisement in the *Times*."

"Let me hear all about it," said Lady Charity, pouring out another cup of tea, which Amicia refused, and Lady Charity drank.

So Amicia told her the whole story; and, when it was over, Lady Charity said:

"It sounds very strange, and I cannot tell what to make of it. But don't fret about it. Young men will be young men. And when we get Mr. Fortescue down to Ascot, I dare say all will go right."

"There again is another vexation," said Amicia. "No sooner had I arranged with Mr. Fortescue to come to stay with you at Ascot, than that stupid Lady Pennyroyal went and asked the Carlton girls to come and stay with her; and as Edward Vernon is devoted to Alice, and Harry Fortescue to Edward, he declares he will not come to us at Ascot unless Edward is asked too, and so I have come to beg you to include him in the invitation."

"Pray don't say any thing about such a trifle," said Lady Charity. "Give my compliments to Mr. Vernon, and say that, as he and Mr. Fortescue are such bosom friends, I

cannot bear to part them, and so I hope he will come to Ascot as well."

"You are an angel," said Amicia, giving the wrinkled old face a kiss.

"Rather an old one," said Lady Charity, "and most of the feathers have fallen out of my wings; but, for all that, I am still helpful and warm at heart."

"Of course you are, dear Lady Charity," said Amicia; "we all know that." And so she sailed away down-stairs and drove home, and waited to hear what Mrs. Crump had to tell her.

She had not to wait long, for, as soon as that worthy Abigail had finished "her" tea, she went up-stairs to tell her mistress how her mission had ended.

"Well, Crump," said Amicia, "did you find Lupus Street?"

"Yes, my lady, which it is a very low-lived place," said Mrs. Crump.

"And did you find No. —?"

"Yes, my lady; and I see the landlady, which is a hard-working, industrious woman, as was once a lady's-maid."

"I don't care so much to hear about the landlady as about the lodger. I want to know all about Miss Edith Price. Did you hear any thing about her?"

"Oh yes, my lady," said Mrs. Crump. "I 'eard all about her from the greengrocer at the corner as serves the Prices."

"The Prices!" said Lady Sweetapple, in amazement. "Why, how many Prices are there, I should like to know?"

"Three, my lady, in family," said Mrs. Crump; "which it consists of an old bed-ridden mother and two daughters—Miss Edith, as is grown up, and Miss Mary, a girl of twelve or so."

"This is worse than I thought it," said Amicia, speaking half to herself. "They seem quite respectable."

"Yes, my lady, indeed they are. That's what Mr. Leek the greengrocer says. A very civil, respectable man, who can't help seeing what goes on in his opposite neighbor's house. He said it was a sight to see how lovely Miss Edith looked when she went to church yesterday morning with Mr. Fortescue at her side, and Mr. Vernon walking after them with Miss Mary."

"Walking to church with Miss Edith only yesterday!" cried Amicia. "This is worse and worse! How deceitful!"

"Quite what I was thinking, my lady; and I said to myself as how deceit was not confined to butlers or under-butlers, but is found in higher places, where it didn't ought to be. Fancy a handsome young man like Mr. Fortescue leaving the best ladies in the land to run up to town and go to church with a young person from Lupus Street! It's quite shocking!"

"That will do, Crump," cried Amicia, faintly; "I have heard quite enough. Thank you very much for your trouble. When I want you, I will ring."

So Mrs. Crump withdrew. And as soon as she had left the room Amicia threw herself upon her bed—for this scene was in her bedroom—in an agony of despair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AËROLITES.

ON entering the National Museum, at Washington, the first object that arrests the attention of the visitor is a huge iron ring, rough, irregular, and massive, standing on a pedestal, and bearing the inscription "*The Irwin Ainsa Meteorite.*" It weighs fourteen hundred pounds; was discovered by some missionary or traveller in Arizona in the year 1738, and had been known to the scientific world more than a century before it was removed to California in 1882, and from there subsequently brought by sea to the Atlantic coast. It looks like a signet-ring that might have been worn by one of the Norse gods. Not exactly round, for its outside diameter varies from thirty-eight to forty-nine inches; it is, nevertheless, sufficiently so to keep up the illusion, for the principal reason that the width of the rim—seventeen and a half inches—scarcely varies, except at the point where the signet should be. There it becomes larger, and is flattened on the surface. Back of its earliest history there are Indian traditions of its fall, its uses, and its virtues. Of course, these are unreliable. Since its discovery by white men, and for many years before its removal, it was used as an anvil, in evidence of which marks of the blows of hammers are perceptible upon a portion of its surface. It is composed of iron, with small specks of a whitish silicious mineral diffused throughout the mass. Scientific men know it to be a meteoric stone—a stone that has fallen from the sky, and know it as certainly as that gold found in a placer has been washed there, or that bones found in a cave belonged to an animal.

There is nothing remarkable about this Irwin Ainsa meteorite save its fanciful shape, its size, and its history. A hundred years ago, indeed, so little trustworthy evidence had at that time been collected upon the subject of falling stones, the allegation that this stone fell from the heavens would very likely have been treated as a superstitious tale. At the present day, however, the records of meteoric stones are so abundant, authentic, and exact, and their nature and qualities so well understood, that to doubt their existence would be to discredit almost all kinds of evidence. Every mineralogical museum in the world contains them. Thousands of scientific observations record their fall. In England, in 1867, four meteoric stones were seen to descend to the earth, all of which were forwarded to the British Museum. In the annual reports of the committee on "Luminous Meteors," presented to the British Association, several cases of falling stones, in different parts of the world, invariably appear. In fact, there is no better-established branch of science, none that rests upon more indubitable evidence, none that is more thoroughly divested of all that is merely imaginative, than that of meteoric bodies which have fallen upon our earth.

On any clear night common shooting-stars may be seen by a patient observer of the heavens. Everybody knows that, ever since 1833, on every 14th of November, a thousand telescopes and a hundred thousand naked

eyes have been watching all over the world for some unusual phenomena in the midnight sky. Not always, indeed, with success, but at intervals with magnificent results. It is not of these star-showers, however, that this notice treats. It is of a class of meteoric bodies, greatly larger, more extraordinary, and which have a far longer record in meteoric history. The former are common, the latter rare; the one regular enough to furnish data for a theory, the other as unexpected as kleptomania in a refined social circle. Shooting-stars are familiar to every ploughboy; aërolites and bolides exceptional, unforeseen, and, so far as we have yet discovered, lawless. We might call the one natural—respectable, in short, disturbing no one by eccentric behavior; we could fitly call the other unnatural, brilliant, and imposing, as if they were crazed, dashing wildly over large spaces, and disturbing the quiet world with extraordinary behavior.

What, then, is an aërolite? The word *ἀήρ*, the air, and *λίθος*, a stone, is easily enough understood. But what is the thing? We reply, A METEOR THAT HAS ENTERED OUR AIR. The shooting-star—thanks to his good breeding—has been content with his own circle. The aërolite, without permission, has intruded into ours. He is a stone, purposely entering our atmosphere with an enormous velocity, approaching our earth nearer and nearer, igniting by the friction his rapid flight produces from the air, and finally exploding into fragments, that greater or smaller fall to the ground. When these fragments have been found soon after their descent, they are hot. Subjecting them to analyses, they are found to be iron-ore, of more or less percentage; sometimes, and rarely, earthy substances are their constituents; sometimes rocky substances; sometimes metallic and stony ingredients are indiscriminately mingled in about equal proportions; but, in the greater number of cases, they are pure iron. It is not pleasant to walk abroad with the conviction that bolides, of fourteen hundred pounds' avoirdupois weight, are flying about over our heads! But it might be worse, as Dr. Parr said to Sir James Mackintosh: "The man was an Irishman. He might have been a Scotchman." Our aërolites might have been comets—might have been asteroids—and the result nobody likes to contemplate.

The truth, thus far reached by science, seems to be this: It is not the planets alone, nor the asteroids, innumerable as they seem to be, nor the satellites, that make up the whole of our stellar system. Independent bodies, composed of solid metal, too small to be detected by the telescope, too innumerable to be reckoned by figures, governed by laws not yet discovered, traversing spaces not yet measured, are whirling around us everywhere. It is not the danger to our planet from a comet, but the danger to our heads from aërolites, that timid folk should take to heart.

It is to Chladni, the Italian philosopher, that we owe our present hypothesis concerning aërolites. In his tract on "Masses of Iron and Stone reputed to have fallen from the Air," he expresses his belief in the ancient accounts of falling stones. There are

several recorded statements in regard to these descents in the works of Plutarch, Pliny, and Diogenes of Apollonia. In Chinese annals, extending back to the year 720 n. c., among the notices of comets, meteors, and eclipses, are dates of falling rocks. An authentic fall of a remarkable stone took place on November 7, 1492, in Alsace. The Emperor Maximilian I. caused it to be suspended in the Ensisheim Cathedral, where it remained for more than three centuries. It was broken in pieces during the French Revolution, but parts of it are preserved at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and the British Museum, London. The original weight was two hundred and seventy pounds. An immense mass of iron-stone, now in Krasnojarsk, was found in Siberia, by Dr. Pallas, in 1776. It is of irregular shape, cellular like a sponge, containing small granular particles of mineral *olivine*, and is composed chiefly of silica, magnesia, sulphur, and chromium. Its original locality contained no similar rocks, and the Tartars, who considered it sacred, had a tradition that it had fallen from heaven. The weight of this meteoric stone is fourteen hundred pounds—the same as that of the *Irwin Ainsa* meteorite already mentioned, though it lacks the great solidity of the latter and its marvellous shape.

In the year 1802 a paper was read by Edward Howard before the Royal Society, in London, giving an analysis of the Benares *aérolite*, which had fallen four years before. Mr. Howard took the ground that Chladni's theory was correct, and that these iron-stones were of non-terrestrial origin. His theory, though accepted generally by men of science in England, was at first questioned by the French *savants*. Curiously enough, while the discussion was going on, in 1803, a remarkable fall of stones occurred at L'Aigle, in Normandy. Biot, the mathematician, was appointed by the Institute of France to examine, on the spot, all the circumstances. Analysis of the various specimens he collected of these stones, none of which, however, exceeded three pounds in weight, confirmed the results of Mr. Howard. Laplace then said, in an address to the Academy: "It is possible for stones to be thrown upon our earth by volcanoes in the moon. Do not reject, therefore, as impossible a fact which deserves to be carefully examined; gather all the facts, endeavor to discover the truth, and, if terrestrial physics cannot explain the origin of these stones, we must seek it in celestial physics."

It must not be supposed by the reader that Laplace gave, by this remark, the weight of his great name to a theory upon this subject. He had formed none. There is no reason to believe that volcanoes in the moon have ever projected stones to the earth. He simply stated what he believed to be a possibility, in order to turn the attention of the academicians toward investigations of phenomena they were disposed to doubt. Cuvier, in his report on the progress of science, said, six years afterward, that "the phenomenon of stones fallen from the atmosphere, known both in antiquity and during the middle ages, had only been established as truths in physical science during the previous ten

years by the conjectures of Chladni, the analyses of Howard, and the researches of Biot."

Masses of meteoric iron are continually being discovered in various parts of the globe. There are specimens in the British Museum from Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, Persia and Canada, Arabia and Hindostan. There is one of seventeen pounds' weight that was picked from among the shingle on the coast of Peru, as different from the loose, water-worn fragments among which it lay as a mass of copper from old red sandstone; and another, of twelve pounds' weight, found in the sands of Sahara. At Agram, in Croatia, the meteoric stone, now in the same museum, was seen to fall, and was considered for many years as the only *visibly* authenticated meteorite. In a cloudless sky this mass of iron was observed shooting along the heavens at mid-day from west to east; a hollow noise accompanied its flight; a loud report, as from an explosion, followed; volumes of smoke dimmed the light of the sun; and two masses of iron, welded together like a chain, were precipitated with great velocity to the ground.

Though professing to treat of *aérolites* only, bolides have been mentioned in what has gone before. It is not always easy to discriminate between the two. Both are supposed to be subject to the same laws; both are seen in brilliant and rapid transit across the heavens. Both, too, explode. But the bolide carries with it, so far as is known, no solid matter; the *aérolite* carries stones. The bolide burns with intense brightness, illuminating the landscape and outshining the sun; the *aérolite* gives a duller light, like that of a shooting-star. The former bursts with a loud report, and hurls its contents furiously through the atmosphere; the latter goes out like the last flicker of a candle, blazing up for a moment, but precipitating no solid substances to the earth. The great bolide that passed over a portion of England and France, near midnight on the 10th of October, 1868, obscuring the moon, illuminating the earth like a flash of lightning, casting deep shadows on the ground, making St. Paul's Cathedral-dome stand out in clear relief against a brilliant sky, while at the same instant it lighted up the forest of masts in the Liverpool docks and the ruined castles on the banks of the Rhine, though it burst in great splendor, parting into a forked tongue of flame, and detonating with a report that was heard alike at Dover and Cologne—is not known or supposed to have projected any fragments to the earth. The fierce combustion of its composing matter no doubt burned itself into gases. On the contrary, the great *aérolite* of Normandy, which, on the 26th of April, 1803, at mid-day, the sky being clear, passed in the shape of a rectangular cloud swiftly through the heavens, and exploded with the noise of a battery of cannon simultaneously fired, hurled forty stones of all shapes, and varying in weights from two drachms to eighteen pounds, tens of thousands in number, which were scattered, steaming and hissing, over a space of ground three leagues by one in measurement.

Or take the daylight bolide which was

seen in England and on the Continent on the 20th of June, 1866, and is supposed to have exploded between the towns of Boulogne and St-Omer, in France. It swept like a railway-train through the sky. A long, narrow, smoke-like tail was left behind. Passing swifter than the wind across a clear break in the sky, it disappeared behind a mass of clouds. Observers saw it from Dover Cliffs and the downs of Herefordshire, at Lille, in France, and Delft, in Holland, at one and the same moment. Its instant of explosion, shaking houses and startling laborers in Kent, and disturbing the loungers in the streets and court-yards of Boulogne, was apparent and distinctly heard over an area of five hundred square miles. And yet it sent no proofs of its solidity to the earth.

The *aérolite* of Benares, on the contrary, which appeared December 19, 1798, near eight p. m., bearing the form of a large ball of fire, and accompanied by a noise resembling prolonged thunder, was followed by a shower of heavy stones, reaching the earth with great velocity, and penetrating the ground to the depth of six inches. The sky at the time was perfectly clear, as it had been for several previous days. The stones, in the form of irregular cubes, from three to five inches in length, weighing from eight ounces to three pounds, were covered with a hard, dark incrustation, as if they had been enamelled.

The number of authentic bolides and *aérolites* now catalogued is more than twenty-five hundred.

We repeat, in conclusion, that an *aérolite* is one of the many classes of cosmical bodies moving independently in space. As it enters our atmosphere in the upper regions with an enormous velocity, the friction causes ignition, when combustion and explosion result. All meteors, whether they be shooting-stars, *aérolites*, or bolides, belong to one common family, and are composed, for the most part, of similar substances.

N. S. DODGE.

AT THE MIDWAY HOUSE BETWEEN EUROPE AND AFRICA.

"AT Smyrna," says the author of "Eöthen," "we first met the havoc and splendor of the East." But his was an exceptional experience, since the great majority of tourists get their first taste of the Orient at the midway house—the island of Malta.

The two great lines of French and English steamers make it their stopping-place; and the voyager from Liverpool or Marseilles, who has been tossed upon the short, chopping waves of the Mediterranean for three or four days, hails with pleasure the sight of a landing-place, though the rugged, rocky island is not inviting to the eye of the inhabitant of more favored lands.

Yet there are few more unique or striking places than this natural rock-fortress, improved by the jealous foresight of England into an impregnable position—the key by which she secures free ingress and egress through this portion of the Mediterranean.

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Nature has done much for Malta as a defensible position; but man has done more, from the days when the Knights Templars made it the bulwark of Christendom against the Moslems down to the time when England seized upon it to checkmate France, whose boast it was that the Mediterranean should be converted into "a French lake." Totally apart, however, from all historical or strategic interest, the place, as it now presents itself to the traveller's eye—with its mongrel and hybrid population, speaking all known languages, and one, besides, known only to Malta—is a most interesting and peculiar one to visit.

Landing at what seems a flight of rough-hewn, rocky steps, cut out of the native rock, you ascend about four stories high into the town, most of whose streets are arranged in the same way, and are impassable for carriages or wheeled vehicles of any kind—so precipitous are they, and so broken the ground or rock over which they wind. A mixed and motley group of residents is to be encountered at the wharf, of all complexions, from the fair-skinned Englishman to the swarthy Italian or jet-black negro, with every intermediate shade of color—coppery, red, and brown. The costumes are as varied as the nationalities; and here you behold the baggy breeches of the Orient in pristine simplicity, and much the worse for wear, on many of the group; while the red-fez cap—now type of the Orient in place of the turban—is almost the universal substitute for the European hat.

Among the Babel of spoken sounds, the *lingua franca*, or bastard Italian mixed with Arabic, predominates; while the harsh voices of the Maltese boatmen screech out their own abominable *patois*—the unwritten language to which we have already referred.

Winding our toilsome way up the street of steps, we enter the town, which English occupation and an English garrison have anglicized, to a certain extent, in the portions occupied by the colony they have planted on this rock in the ocean. Like the English, everywhere out of England, they are a hospitable, unaffected, off-hand set of people, intensely "loyal," of course, as all colonists ever are, and little changed either in looks or customs, even in those families who have dwelt there for successive generations. But the portion of the population which excites interest is the native or Maltese element, which is very large and very poor—a most curious amalgam of mixed nationalities, fused and welded down into a new and distinct compound, altogether unique, and to which "none but itself can be its parallel."

The Maltese man is slight and spare of figure, but sinewy and strong—so swarthy of complexion as almost to look like a mulatto, with small, regular features, flashing black eyes, and tangled, black elf-locks, standing shaggily up over his small head where he has not shaved it to wear a fez. The Oriental type is presented in him far more strongly than the European. But when your eye is habituated to the Arab or Turk, you will never mistake the Maltese for either of those races. He is, as it were, a kind of dividing

point between East and West—even as his home is—partaking of many of the worst characteristics of each, and—we regret to say it—of but few of the higher or better.

For neither education nor training has done much to tame the wildness inherent in his blood, and make him a useful member of civilized society. Born and reared in poverty, striving to eke out a scanty subsistence from the rocky soil in the country, and busied chiefly in menial pursuits in the town, he fills in that society a very subordinate place, and has continued so to do from generation to generation.

The highest flight in social position to which the Maltese aspires is, to become a dragoman—the guide and interpreter of the tourist through Egypt and Syria, competing in these functions with the Greeks and native Egyptians, but bearing away the palm from either in trickery and extortion. To them, more justly than to the Greeks, may be applied the caustic lines of Byron—

"Still to the neighboring isles they waft
Congenial wiles, and ancient craft.
In this the modern Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renowned"

although, of course, there must be exceptions to so sweeping and comprehensive a malediction.

The women are far more picturesque-looking and pleasing than the men, and the coquettish costume they wear enhances the effect of their natural attractions. This costume is more Spanish than any other out of Spain, and the character of the faces is likewise. Small, delicate features; flashing black eyes; raven hair; lithe, graceful figures, supple as that of the panther, with the same springy step—make up an ensemble most attractive to look upon. They wear no hat or bonnet, but, in the street, are always to be distinguished by a black-silk mantilla, coquettishly thrown over head and shoulders, and frequently almost, if not quite, concealing the face of the wearer, permitting only the wicked gleams of a bright eye to flash out on the stranger.

Their love of admiration and of intrigue is even more Oriental than Spanish, and, if gossip speak truly, their morals are not on a par with their other attractions.

But their salient peculiarity, after all, is in their language, which has been invented, is understood, and spoken by none but themselves. It is entirely an unwritten language, only a spoken one, and apparently composed of scraps of *lingua franca*, with a large infusion of Arabic, sounding more like Arabic than aught else, yet distinguishable even from that likewise. It has long been a standing puzzle to learned students of languages, and will probably so continue; for the race changes very little, and only comes in external contact with the Eastern and Western types which hedge it in on both sides.

Valetta, as the chief town and port of the island of Malta is called in memory of La Vallette, the famous head of the Knight Templars, who held sway there after the expulsion of the knights from Rhodes, their former seat, is an odd compound of Spanish and Eastern architecture. Its most peculiar feat-

ure is its terraced roofs, which afford as much promenadeable ground over the tops of the houses as those houses occupy below, not less than five hundred acres of such aerial walking being afforded by this construction, as an intelligent traveller has remarked. In climates like that of Malta, and throughout the entire East, the house-top constitutes the most agreeable lounge after sundown, and often throughout the night. If you wish to see most of the population at those hours, you must not descend into the streets, but ascend to your own housetop, and thence you will see on similar flats most of your neighbors, and even catch glimpses of the *hoursis* they usually hide so discreetly.

The old knights have left their traces everywhere. The churches—that of San Giovanni, in particular—have their floors literally paved with their tombs, on which their heraldic bearings and coats-of-arms are richly displayed in colored marbles. The vaulted roof, glittering with gilded arabesques; the curiously-carved wood-work of the pulpits; and the rich, red tapestries—all contribute to make this church a very striking one. It is one of the show-places of Malta. A curious story is told of the Chapel of the Madonna in its eastern side, which is surrounded by a massive silver railing of great price. This tempting prize is said to have been saved from French hands, when they occupied and plundered the place, by the astuteness of a monk, who deceived the plunderers by painting the railing wood-color.

The eye of the stranger, however, is arrested by a curious object in the midst of all this splendor, for he sees, hung up on the crimson tapestry, and evidently preserved with care, an old and rusty bunch of keys; and, on inquiry, finds them to have been the keys to the gates of Rhodes, carried off by the knights as a *souvenir* of their occupancy of that island, when the Emperor Charles V. presented them the island of Malta as a refuge. It was to the Knights Hospitallers he gave it, but it has had many different masters since. Though the knights were a religious order, they by no means practised the virtue of humility, as the palaces in which they dwelt bear witness. Even in their decay, these hotels of the different "Tongues" (as the palaces of the different nationalities were styled) retain the traces of their former splendor. The Auberge de Castile (the Spanish) and that of Provence are among the finest. The ancient palace of the grand-master is now occupied as the governor's residence, while many of the others have been converted into barracks, for which the semi-military character of their construction admirably adapts them.

The old aristocracy of the island are proud, poor, isolating themselves from the English, and shutting themselves up in their stone houses, surrounded by high walls. The energetic Anglo-Saxons have pushed them from their stools, and the profits as well as the possession of the place are now in the hands of the stranger, whose drumbeat daily reminds them of his presence—the military garrison being one of the great features of Malta.

EDWIN DE LEON.

TABLE-TALK.

RAY of reason has dawned upon the mind of the British landlord. The tendency of the Briton to grumble on all occasions, great and small, has now and then happy results in the reforms which Lord Lytton once defined as "a correction of abuses." The abuse of overcharges at the hotels and inns, especially at the summer resorts, has long been a crying one in the estimation of the British pleasure-seeker. The *Times* and *Telegraph* have been for years besieged, at the opening of the summer season, with the wails of travellers who have suffered extortion, who have asked for bread and been given a stone, and whose only compensation has been the exposure of the extortioner in the columns of the public press. But the grumblers have effected a revolution. This year the landlords at Scarborough, at Brighton, and on the Scottish lakes, have reduced their scale of charges, and the stay-at-homes of former years are flocking to the seaside and the Trosachs in remunerative hosts. He who was last year content with a bite of whitebait at Greenwich on Saturday afternoon, or a run down to Margate for the Sunday, is now expanding his lungs in the Highland wilds, and angling in the shady nooks of Rydal and Windermere. Some foreign fashions are quick to cross the Atlantic, and assume a sovereignty in American society: why should not our landlords take a leaf from the book of British experience? Like the penny-postage, low hotel-fares are found to pay; and they would pay here quite as well as among our "transatlantic cousins." The British landlord has, indeed, at last discovered that his high prices produce the double evil of robbing his own pocket and diminishing, in a certain degree, the wealth of the country. The English tourist could find, within a few hours' travel of London, excellent lodgings at Boulogne, Tourville, or Ostend, for one-third less than at Brighton or Torquay, with the additional social advantage of being able to remark to his friends afterward that he has "been to the Continent." He could find cozy rooms and a charming variety of fare in neat Rhine inns for about half what a sojourn cost last year at Leamington or Bolton Abbey; indeed, for what he would have paid at a good English hotel, during a stay of two months, he could make the grand tour. Thus British gold has gone abroad into French, German, and Swiss pockets, instead of circulating healthily at home. The same evil operates here, though to a less serious extent. Exorbitant American prices have driven multitudes in late years to seek their summering across the Atlantic. When one finds that he can take his choice, at the same price, between Saratoga or Newport on the one hand, and Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland, and North Italy, on the

other, he is very likely to engage a Cunard state-room, and sail over the seas; only special attractions, or settled habit, or a disinclination to brave the perils of the deep, make him hesitate. Thus our money, also, goes into the foreign pocket, when a little wisdom on the part of our landlords, many of whom keep up the old war-prices, though provisions have fallen, would fill their houses and keep our funds at home.

— De Quincey describes with startling vividness the panic into which London was plunged by one of the "three memorable murders" of which he gives an account. The wholesale slaughter of a family, and the escape of the assassin, filled the metropolis with dread and indefinite apprehension. A similar panic has been felt more than once by the Londoners within the past year or two. The typical detective of the society novels and sensational plays, if he ever had actual existence, seems to have wholly disappeared. There are no longer lynx-eyed, sharp-nosed little men, with coats buttoned close to their chins, and their fingers slipped, with an air of omniscient cunning, between its buttons, to be found in the Covent-Garden district, awaiting "nice cases," and ready to follow the trail of an assassin with bloodhound pertinacity and instinct. Indeed, the public confidence is not only fast oozing away, but is already so far gone that the papers are grumbling loudly over the state of insecurity which prevails. Several recent cases, in which crimes have been committed, and the criminals have succeeded in eluding the pursuit of justice, have naturally created considerable alarm. Some months ago a young Russian, named Bauer, a commercial traveller for a Birmingham iron-house, on returning to London from Poland, where he had been on business, suddenly disappeared. Soon after, his employers received a letter in his writing, stating that he was about to undergo the penalty of death at the hands of the agents of a Russian secret society, for having violated the vows which he had taken as their confederate. From that day to this no trace of Bauer has been found, though he disappeared in the heart of London in full day, and though the police have been constantly on the alert to solve the mystery. More recently two cases have occurred, so similar, so horrible and mysterious in their nature, as to shock and alarm the whole community. Within an interval of two months, the bodies of two young ladies, who had undoubtedly been murdered, were found floating in Regent's-Park Canal. Not only did the police fail to discover the murderers, but they were unable to find a clew to the names and residences of the victims; both these matters are to this day a mystery. Both the young ladies were evidently well-born and well-to-do; yet they have passed, nameless, unclaimed, and unavenged, into oblivion. The latest case of murder, the perpetrators of

which, as we write, have not yet been discovered, was that of two poor women, mother and daughter, who kept a little paint-shop at Hoxton. They were killed in a most brutal fashion, at high noon, in a street overcrowded with people, and in a house standing in the midst of shops whose trade was at full tide at the moment of the crime. Such deeds, committed with impunity, and by men whose good fortune permits them to walk the streets in freedom and plot new atrocities, may well stir the Londoners to an energetic protest against the inefficiency and languor of the police, who seem to have sadly degenerated since the early years of Victoria's reign.

— Through long and bitter centuries the Jew has lived in the hope that the time would come, sooner or later, when the scattered fragments of Israel would be gathered again into the Holy Land, the Temple reconstructed, and the ancient glories of his race restored. In every foreign clime prayers go up daily from dwelling and from synagogue for the accomplishment of the promised destiny. The old man goes down into the grave imbued with a belief in its coming realization; the youth is taught that it is a part of his religion to look forward to it. But the centuries have rolled on, and the world has changed, yet the return of Israel seems to be no nearer to-day than when the broken tribes went out from their heritage. Hope long deferred has had its usual effect, and a change of sentiment in regard to the fulfilment of this promise is rapidly gaining ground among the progressive Jews. The *Jewish Times*, referring to the late tour in Palestine of three German gentlemen, says that they are about to publish a memorial concerning the condition of the Jews in Palestine, and particularly in Jerusalem. "Their statement," it remarks, "cannot fail to make a deep impression upon the intelligent classes of Jews, and it is an additional argument against the folly of encouraging the migration of Jews to a country which has no other claim than that of a venerable monument of the past. It is not only a folly, but a crime, to feed the sickly imagination of poor, ignorant people by the hallucination, as if one spot on earth had a greater value in the eyes of God, and prayer sent up to heaven from a certain locality found sooner a hearing before the throne Divine." This is strong but sensible language. It is a difficult matter to do away with the traditions of a people, particularly with so flattering a one as this which promises to restore a nation. But every year that passes proves more conclusively the improbability that the dream will ever become a fact. Even if the experiment were made, it could not be a success. Palestine is poor in soil and bad in climate, and its people are impoverished. There are about sixteen thousand Jews there, who eke out a miserable existence from charitable contributions, and who "spend their time in idleness, pray-

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ing, and Talmud-reading, and foolish pining and sighing on the ruins of the Temple." The *Times* suggests a general elimination from the Jewish prayer-books of the portions referring to the hopes of Israel in the restitution of the Holy Land. This would be a radical move, but no friend of the race will say it would not be a good one.

— Will our cousins over the water ever comprehend the machinery of our presidential elections? We expect an occasional blunder from the groundlings, but the *Spectator* ought to be well informed, where information is so easy to be obtained. In a late issue, after discussing the probable consequences of the Baltimore nomination, and weighing the chances of the rival candidates, it sagely concludes: "As yet, however, the most reasonable probability is, that the president will be reelected by an insufficient majority; that the election will then fall to the House of Representatives, and that the House will seat him almost by acclamation." If the *Spectator* will explain how, with but two candidates in the field, the election can "fall to the House of Representatives," the American world will own itself under obligations. Perhaps it has news that Mrs. Woodhull, or George Francis Train, or some other possible or impossible candidate, will have a larger finger in the presidential pie than we benighted Yankees suspect. Enlighten us, Mr. *Spectator*, if you please.

Scientific Notes.

IN November last, the council of the British Association passed the following resolution: "That it is desirable that the British Association apply to the Treasury for funds to enable the Tidal Committee to continue their calculations and observations." This action was supplemented in the following May by a memorial to the lords of the Treasury, calling the attention of that body to the value of accurate and frequent tidal observations, and requesting the modest appropriation of a hundred and fifty pounds to secure the continuance of the investigation. In the establishment and furtherance of this project, the Association had already contributed six hundred pounds, having constantly kept in view, as the memorial stated, "the practical application of their results to physical geography, meteorology, coast and harbor engineering, and navigation." It would certainly seem that this department of the government would not only be fully justified, but heartily willing, to secure, at so low a figure, services and results of so great practical value. We are not surprised, therefore, that the editor of *Nature* should feel constrained to publish in full their lordships' reply, lest many persons should "refuse to believe that such a document would have been issued with the sanction of a civilized government." It is sufficient for our purpose, however, to know that "their lordships have given their anxious attention to the memorial, and that they are fully sensible of the interesting nature of such investigations; but that they feel that, if they acceded to this request, it would be impossible to refuse to contribute toward the numerous other objects which men

of eminence may desire to treat scientifically." We do not intend to argue as to the propriety or legality of special legislation in favor of *strictly scientific* investigations, though there can be little question but that to a work of this order the world is greatly in debt; but we do not hesitate to say that, as regards the furtherance and encouragement of astronomical, geographical, and meteorological investigations the liberal policy is also the wiser one. However, with the noble record of our coast-survey, our rich and valuable State and national geological reports, and the now essential "weather-reports" in mind, we have little fear that this action of "their lordships" will be indorsed by that of our own enlightened legislators. In the present connection, it may be well to notice and refer our transatlantic neighbors to a comparatively recent plan we have adopted for obtaining *cheap* though valuable scientific service and information. We allude to the encouragement of collegiate and university expeditions. By accepting the active and willing services of our undergraduates, the government has by their aid come into the possession of much rich and valuable information. The recent Yale expedition to the Western Territories may be here cited; and we lately read with pleasure the announcement that, during their summer vacation, a party of students from Dartmouth College, under the direction of a competent coast-survey engineer, were to aid in the survey of the New-Hampshire coast. When we take into account the energy and zeal of this volunteer force, together with the practical nature and possible range of the services they are competent and ready to render, the wonder is that it has been dispensed with for so long a time.

We have already noticed in the *JOURNAL* the method proposed by Mr. Sillers, of Philadelphia, for utilizing furnace-slag by reducing it to the form of fine, asbestos-like threads. This can readily be effected by passing a jet of steam through the molten mass. It is evident, however, that the demand for a product of this character is very limited, since its chief value is that of a non-conductor of heat; hence the need of some simpler method which shall secure a more generally serviceable product. This slag is mainly composed of silica, lime, and alumina, which, in a fused mass, collects near the base of the blast-furnace, where it acts as a covering and flux for the liquid iron beneath. At stated intervals, this *liquid stone* is drawn off through a suitable opening in the side of the furnace. When allowed to flow unrestrained over the surface of the surrounding earth, it becomes porous and cinder-like, serving only as a filling for new-made ground. And yet the chemical constitution of this mixture, and the readiness with which, under proper conditions, it solidifies, suggests at once its possible value as a building material. With this purpose in mind, M. Sepulcre, a Belgian engineer, has successfully applied the following process, by which the slag is converted into a compact and durable stone: "At a convenient distance from the base of the blast-furnace is a pit, with sloping or bevelled sides, the slag channels terminate in this excavation, and the approach is so arranged that the molten liquid will flow in near the bottom. Thus, as each layer cools, it is raised by the following flow, acting at the same time as a weight upon the underlying layer, rendering it compact, and preventing it from cooling too rapidly. When the pit is full, the surface of the still hot mass is covered with a layer of ashes, and permitted to cool gradually for five or ten days. When first removed, the slag may be readily broken and properly shaped,

though continued exposure serves but to increase its hardness. A second and ingenious method for utilizing this slag is that proposed by M. Minary, of France. In this process the molten fluid is led directly from the furnace into a trough, through which a continuous stream of water flows, this terminating also in a pit or reservoir. The sudden contact of the slag with the cold water disintegrates and granulates it, the size of the pieces being regulated by the rapidity of the current. The product, when removed from the pit, is a coarse, hard gravel, which proves to be of great service as a bedding between railway ties, and for this purpose it is now largely used in Germany.

The engineer and practical mechanic of the present day are so well versed in the elements if not the intricacies of their art, as to render the services of the inventor chiefly valuable in determining what departments of labor can be benefited by improved mechanical devices, leaving it for the educated engineer or intelligent mechanic to determine upon the simplest method for effecting the desired result. When Stephenson had settled upon the general method of applying steam as a motor, that is, by leading it from the generator to the lower-end cylinder, fitted with a closely-packed piston, it needed but the lazy genius of the valve-boy to devise a contrivance by which his valuable services could be dispensed with. It may be safely assumed that the success of any labor-saving invention depends, not so much on the form or construction of the original machine, since improvement and modification are almost sure to follow its introduction, as upon the direct purpose for which the machine was designed. A marked instance of this appears in the original Howe sewing-machine, as compared with the numerous improved models now in use. There seems to be, however, still further need of mechanical skill, as suggested in an article on this subject in the Third Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. In this report the writer revives a question already widely discussed among physicians, regarding the injurious effects upon the nervous system, resulting from the peculiar heel-and-toe movement of the treadle, owing to the fact that the strain comes upon a set of muscles and nerves fitted by Nature for an entirely different order of movements; and the demand is, therefore, for an improved treadle, to be operated by the swinging motion of the leg, from the knee downward, to resemble, as nearly as possible, the natural movement of walking.

Mr. X. A. Willard, in an address delivered before the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, gives the results of several interesting experiments with electricity upon vegetables and milk. Among these, he stated that he was able to keep milk sweet for three weeks in the hottest weather by the application of a current of positive electricity. From this fact it may yet appear that the familiar notion among farmers, that "thunder turns milk sour," may not be altogether a popular fallacy, since the electrical state of the atmosphere may have had a legitimate effect. The writer also advances an ingenious theory, founded upon the idea that there exists a definite electrical relation between the roots and the leaves and blossoms of plants. These he believes to be in "opposite states of electricity," as demonstrated by the following experiment: "Having cut from the same rose-tree two branches, upon which were buds and blossoms equally advanced, he passed a current of negative electricity through one, and a positive current through the other. The result in the

former case was to cause the blossoms to fade rapidly, while they remained upon the other fresh and healthy for an unusual length of time. Though not by any means conclusive, yet results of this character would seem to suggest the propriety of further continued and careful experiments.

It is strange how history repeats itself. In the days of our youth we used to read, with a measure of incredulity, of the venturesome voyage of that monarch of *terra incognita*, old King Cole, who "went to sea in a bowl," and now we have the sovereign of all the Russias preparing to emulate that "good old soul" by tempting the waves with a whole fleet of bowls. Something more than a year ago, the keel of the pioneer of a series of circular iron-clad men-of-war was laid at St. Petersburg, and since then a number of others have been begun. The first vessel, now nearly completed, is described as of ninety feet in diameter, to carry twelve-inch armor, and to draw twelve and a half feet of water. She will be furnished with unusually great steam-power, which will be applied through four screws, placed at intervals across her stern. Being of shallow draught, and of great carrying capacity, it is easy to plate these vessels with thick armor down to the very bottom, so as to make them proof, says Mr. Reed, the celebrated naval constructor, against both the Harvey and the travelling torpedo. The Russians have satisfied themselves that they can be driven along at a good rate of speed with the power they purpose putting into them, and they believe that they will behave as well as other iron-clads in a sea-way. If they are successful, they will create a revolution in naval construction, for they are comparatively small and cheap, and can carry thicker armor and heavier guns than the present style of ships.

A new and simple method of testing solutions for arsenic is thus described by Bittendorff in *Dingler's Journal*. The method, when sulphuric acid is to be examined, is as follows: "A shallow vessel, containing a small quantity of protochloride of tin, is partially filled with pure hydrochloric acid, by which the tin is dissolved. Into this solution the sulphuric acid is to be tested is slowly dropped, to avoid too great heating. Should the acid be free from arsenic, the solution will remain clear; otherwise it will be colored first yellow, then brown, and finally a dark grayish-brown, becoming at the same time turbid."

Professor de Bary, having lately made a study of the structure and sources of the wax of plants, publishes a paper on this subject in the *Botanische Zeitung*. The wax, it appears, does not lie upon the surface in the form of a coating or continuous layer, but has the appearance of a "dense forest of minute hairs of wax," each hair either rising straight up or rolled and curled among its neighbors, with the lower end on the epidermis. It is impossible, however, to detect the presence of wax in the cell-contents, its first appearance being in the cuticle, or in the "cuticularized elements of the epidermis-cells."

Apomorphine is the name given to a new remedy regarded by competent medical authority as "an emetic apparently superior to all which have been used before." Chemically, it appears to be a simple hydrochloric salt, formed by treating morphine with hydrochloric acid. This salt, when dried and powdered, is of a pale, greenish-gray color. The peculiar feature of this remedy, and that which

gives to it its chief value, is that it may be administered by subcutaneous injection—a quality not belonging to any other known emetic, and one of great importance in the treatment of children, lunatics, and unconscious patients.

Mr. W. C. Easton, of England, states that, on the 31st of January last, he found on Eighteen-Mile Island, Fitzroy River, an alligator's nest, containing sixty-seven eggs. On reaching England, two of these eggs were placed under a setting hen. On visiting the nest, the following March, he found that two young alligators had broken their shells, and were alive and doing well. They were of slender form, and about ten inches long.

Miscellany.

A Narrow Escape.

FREDERICK GERSTÄCKER, of whom we gave a biography and portrait in a recent number of the *JOURNAL*, describes the following adventure on the Mississippi:

I was in New Orleans, and wanted to go up to Cincinnati, but had no money; so I shipped as fireman on one of the large Mississippi steamers—the Chillicothe—at one dollar a day.

We had reached the upper part of Tennessee, with Arkansas on the left; and, for perhaps the tenth time since we left New Orleans, we were looking out for a wood-pile, our supply being nearly out. The Chillicothe was a very large boat, with seven boilers, and consumed, when running against the stream, from forty to forty-two cords daily. We therefore "wooded" twice a day, usually morning and evening, but sometimes in the night. For this purpose, on the morning of the fifth day of the trip, we ran up close to a wood-yard on the Tennessee shore. The bell was rung, a man appeared on the bank, and from the hurricane-deck the necessary questions were asked as to the quality of the wood, the price, etc. Every thing being satisfactory, we landed—that is, we ran up to the bank, the gang-plank was run out, and all the boat's hands were soon at work, assisted by the deck-passengers, who got a deduction in their fare for helping at the wood-landings. With this force, the twenty cords—more or less—usually taken in were soon on board.

On the way, one or more of the buckets—planks—in the larboard wheel had become loose, which not only kept up a continual clattering, but prevented this wheel from doing as good service as it should, and thereby making the boat difficult to steer. The engineer had promised to have it repaired, but neglected to do so until the pilot came down and jogged his memory. Then he sent a man into the wheel to see what was wanted. He found that it would be necessary to put in two new buckets, after first removing what little remained of the old ones.

I was sent into the wheel to assist the carpenter. We soon had the broken buckets out, and the new ones in their places, it being only necessary to screw them on, which was not easy, as the bolts were very rusty, and the buckets had to be screwed on very tightly. The carpenter, finding the wrench we had insufficient, sent me to his locker, near the stern, for a longer and stronger one. We had been too busy to notice what progress they were making in "wooding;" and the engineer, a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, had probably entirely forgotten that he had two of his men in one of the wheels. The wood was on

board and paid for, and the signal that all was ready to start must have been given while I was looking for the wrench; for, when I ran forward with it, I was thunderstruck to hear the command, "Haul in the plank!" and then, in the same instant, to hear the pilot's bell give the usual signal to back, in order to get out into the stream. In an instant, the wheels were in motion. I knew the carpenter could not have finished his work; but had they called him out? I could see him nowhere; I therefore dropped the wrench, and sprang forward to the engineer, crying, frantically: "There's a man in the wheel! there's a man in the wheel!" The boilers were very hot, and we were blowing off steam, so that it was almost impossible to be heard. I cried out three or four times before the half-tipsy engineer understood what I was saying; but, when he did understand, he was as terrified as I was, and stopped the engine immediately. The pilot cried down through his speaking-tube: "Go ahead! go ahead!" adding some hearty curses; but the engineer did not heed him. I quickly told four or five of the deck-hands what was the matter, and we hastened to enter the wheel-house in search of the carpenter. We saw him clinging to one of the lower arms, which fortunately was above the water; but, despite all our cries, he did not stir a hand. He must really have gone round eight or ten times, and have been frightened out of his senses, but not out of his physical strength, for he clung to the wheel as tightly as though he had grown to it. We all clambered down to him as quickly as possible, but were scarcely able to loosen his arms; they seemed rigid, and we were compelled to loosen them by main force. This done, we succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting the unfortunate man on deck.

In the mean time, the boat had drifted down-stream, stern foremost, until she struck the branches of some trees that hung out over the river in consequence of the bank having settled, and was fast swinging round when we sung out "All right!" to the engineer, and he hastened to comply with the pilot's signal to go ahead.

The carpenter lay unconscious the whole day, talking incoherently to himself, and occasionally crying for help in a tone that pierced one's inmost soul. This was disagreeable to the captain; so, when we reached Cairo, where the man partially regained consciousness, he had him put on shore, because, he said, there was no physician on the boat. The clerk gave him the few dollars that were due him, and we steamed on up the Ohio. He was, doubtless, soon forgotten by the others on board, but not so by me. The sensations he experienced for a few moments must have been terrible, as he was turned round and round, now submerged in the water, and now high above it, his limbs clasped convulsively around one of the arms of the wheel. Had I not, providentially, been sent for the wrench, we should certainly have both met with one of the most horrible of deaths. In my travels and adventures, I have met with more than one narrow escape; but this is the only one I cannot think of without a shudder.

Bargaining with Bedouins.

In the morning, long before we had finished breakfast, the Bedouin returned to the attack, and the important question of terms was raised. The Teyáhah demanded an exorbitant sum, and we as obstinately refused to give more per camel than we had previously paid the Towarah. After four mortal hours of wrangling, on finding them still determined,

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we consented to make some advance, and Drake and I proceeded to discuss the subject, while the Arabs sat silently awaiting the result of our deliberation. At first we made an elaborate calculation on paper, then improvised an apparently angry discussion, making use of the Arabic language for the benefit of our audience, and concluded with an offer of two piasters (nearly six cents) more per camel. The proceeding was so eminently orthodox and natural in the Bedouins' eyes, that they were quite taken in by it, and, to our utter astonishment, accepted our terms.

The whole party now adjourned to the fort, that the contract might be written and sealed in the presence of the authorities. Here again was a curious scene, and one which, from its quaint and thoroughly Oriental aspect, I shall not easily forget.

Drake and I were seated on the stone bench, or divan, at the end of that gloomy old gate-way; on a stool at our right sat the sleepy and purlind governor; and his noseless lieutenant supported us on the left. Then, ranged along the right-hand wall, were the various Bedouin chiefs interested in the proceedings. First, Mislîh, the head of the tribe, an ill-looking, early ruffian in a scarlet tunic, his features rendered more hideous than their wont by a scowl of mingled cunning and distrust; then came his brother Sulaimân, who was to accompany us in our wanderings, a tall, thin man, with a handsome countenance and restless, eagle eye; next, our late Towarah sheik, Hassan, who, smarting under a recent wrong (the garrison had impounded one of his camels that morning for a little debt), was venting his ill-humor in long-winded curses upon the Egyptian army, perfectly regardless of the presence of so large a portion of that awful body. A motley throng of men and boys completed the circle, in the midst of which a slave-boy filling perpetual chibouks, and a tailless bantam strutted about with an air of conscious importance.

I will give the conversation that ensued, almost *verbatim*, that the reader may form some idea of the mode in which the business of a notary public is conducted in Arabia Petrea.

The governor (to the scribe, who is sitting on the ground at his feet): "Write, 'In the name of God.'"

No one objecting to this, the governor assumes the air of a man who has done a very sharp thing, and, taking the paper from the scribe, reads the initiatory formula over and over again with great gusto.

Governor: "Write that, on the 12th day of this blessed month Showwâl, a contract has been entered upon between the Khawjât Bâmer and Dirrek" (i. e., Palmer and Drake), "on the one hand, and Mislîh, chief of the Saghrât Arabs, on the other" (this being admitted, he proceeds), "the said sheik engaging to provide five camels—"

Sheik Mislîh: "Hear him, how he would eat up the poor Bedouin! Six camels, by your father's head!"

Ourselves: "Allah set you right; five camels was the number agreed upon, and even that is a manifest injustice, for we want but four."

Sheik Hassan (parenthetically): "The Egyptian army is an army of dirt."

Governor: "Write five camels. And write, moreover, five camels well equipped and strong."

Mislîh: "Hear the tyrant and despoiler of the poor! The strength of a camel is Allah's affair."

Ourselves: "Write 'well equipped and

strong;' and, with that, should one fall sick, the sheik shall supply a substitute."

Mislîh: "Ah, these pitiless oppressors! whence can I bring a substitute from the desert? I seek refuge in Allah from Satan the accursed!"

Hassan (axiomatically): "The Egyptian army is an army of curs."

Governor: "Write."

In this way the contract proceeds, every passage being warmly contested, and, if it must be confessed, a slight amount of sharp practice being exhibited on either side.

Heat at Shanghai.

The thermometer is the biggest liar that ever lived. It is only ninety-five or ninety-eight degrees here at night, and one hundred or one hundred and three degrees by day, and yet it is hotter, intensely hotter, than I have felt it in the Napa (California) Valley, coming from the Geysers, in July, at one hundred and eighteen degrees, or on the sands of Egypt. Thermometers, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying, lie, not exactly in words, or figures, or letters, but in spirit, in substance, in caloric, at least. I am suffocating here! I cannot get breath enough! What would I give for a puff, and how much more for a typhoon, even if a destructive one! There is no air, night or day, and, if possible, it is hotter by night than by day. There is no sleep in this oven-bed, and, if there were, the mosquitoes would eat you up, if you did not throw over you the well-reticulated net. A mattress is unendurable; a mat has to be laid on that, or your perspiration would stick you to the mattress. Never, never, Yankee pilgrim, enter *Levee* in June, July, or August. They say you *can* breathe, and live, and sleep, in all the other months of the year; but if you will be such a fool as I am, and come, drink, and drink deep, not exactly of the Pierian spring—not water, for that is poison here—but claret, hock, champagne, porter, beer, and eat ice, and little else, except bread and meat. Shanghai is nearly in the latitude of Northern Florida; but, amid low lands as it is, on which are boundless fields of cotton, near the mouth of the great Yang-tze, doubtless, the climate is like that of New Orleans, on the Mississippi, with the thermometer ranging higher. What I know for a certainty is, you will never catch me here again in July, if there be any way of getting around it, or over it, or under it.

The foreign residents of Shanghai suffer not a little this season of the year; but here, then, they must stay, for now is the season of "tea" and "silk," the great exported staples of the country. In winter they can play, but never in the summer. They prepare themselves for being roasted as well as possible—not exactly in our Georgia or the Japanese natural costume, but as near to it as civilization will permit. They go without shirts, to begin with. A white flannel frock-coat, closely fitting to the body, somewhat fancifully made, with white linen trousers, is the costume. No dickey is sported over that coat. No dickey could stand the drippings of perspiration here over five minutes, if on. They live thus, and do business with a punka, or wind-flap, flying over them, ever kept going by a half-sleeping coolie (Chinaman). We breakfast by punkas; we dine by punkas. Heaven giving us no breezes, men raise as many artificial winds as possible. No one ventures out, if it can be helped, till the sun is going down. A great two-story, long-tailed pith hat is then sported. They ride out toward sunset in "traps," low-hung carriages, drawn by one pony, or in a California-made carriage, with California

horses, where that costly luxury can be afforded; or they go in sedan chairs, or are wheeled by a Chinaman, two at a time, on a wheel-barrow, dog-cheap for such rides as that—the vilest invention, by-the-way, for going I have ever seen yet—worse, if possible, than the Japanese cango.—*Brooks's "Seven Months' Run."*

The Mikado of Japan.

For a Japanese, the mikado is very tall—I should say about five feet nine inches. He is also slender, and when walking maintains an extreme erectness, which apparently adds to his height. When seated, he seems more at ease, although, either from inclination or from rules of etiquette, he allows himself few of the reliefs of position and attitude in which his followers freely indulge. The expression of his countenance is remarkably mild and affable, though remarkably grave. His features have hardly any of the characteristics which are commonly recognized as Mongolian—a fact which may or may not assist in elucidating the vexed question of the origin of the Japanese people, since the mikado represents, by as direct and pure a descent as any living person can, the first rulers of the present dominant race. His complexion is a little lighter than that of the average masculine native, but by no means so clear as that of the majority of the women. His forehead is high, not broad, and slightly retreating. There is little of the ordinary Asiatic narrowness and languor about his eyes; they are round, though not large, bright, and incessantly active. His nose is prominent, and possibly a little broader than the Caucasian type, but not so much as to be remarkable. His mouth and lips are rather large and full, speaking still according to a European and not an Oriental standard. The chin is long, and recedes in a manner which might warrant a suspicion of lack of firmness, if the theories of physiognomists have any weight. A single glance shows that he has abandoned the ancient custom of shaving the eyebrows and blackening the teeth, although, until recently, I believe, he followed in these respects the traditions of his predecessors. Finally, his hands are small, and as delicately shaped as any fine lady's in Christendom. His feet were protected by thick slippers of obviously Occidental origin; otherwise his dress was all his own. His head was covered with the small, close-fitting cap, not unlike a Venetian corno of small dimensions, in which he always appears in public, but, for the sake of convenience, without the distinct livelong feather which is usually depicted in his effigies. His upper robe was of shining and heavy white silk, closely folded at the throat, with long though not cumbersome sleeves, and loosely gathered together at the waist. The trousers were of red silk, prodigiously ample, and of a texture so thick and inflexible as to appear artificially distended and supported. Whatever may be said of his physical attributes, he unquestionably displayed on this occasion (a visit to the imperial college at Yeddo) certain moral qualities which cannot be recalled without admiration. His endurance and patience are wholly beyond comparison. For nearly four hours he sat composedly surveying the proceedings (most of which must have been unqualifiedly dull for him), without giving a sign of restlessness, uttering a syllable, or even changing the gentle seriousness of his countenance. He did not even permit himself the relaxation of a smile, although one or two incidents occurred which provoked the unrestrained mirth of all who came with him. At the same time, he appeared in no degree indifferent to the ceremonies. He observed every

thing pretty keenly, and followed the printed programme with a watchful eye. The only sign of direct personal recognition which he vouchsafed was in response to a few complimentary sentences from the American director, Mr. Verbec, at the close of the proceedings, when he courteously inclined his head. All having been welcomed, he left the hall in the same stately manner he had entered, closely followed by his *suite*. Having privately reposed for half an hour, and eaten his simple noon-meal, he reentered his carriage, glanced at a few of the not particularly attractive surroundings of the establishment, and was rapidly whirled away in the midst of his troop of variegated lancers. A minute later, the entire party disappeared through the massive castigate, and the imperial college resumed the simple industry of its customary life.—*Correspondence New-York Tribune*.

A California Romance.

The Rev. Horatio Stebbins realizes by this time the truth of the Shakespearean sentiment, "Love laughs at locksmiths." If he doesn't, it is not the fault of his charming daughter, Miss Mary Louise. About two years ago this young lady met her fate in the person of a young man named Schroder. He was a very young man—not over twenty—and earned his living by selling tickets at the Pavilion Skating-rink. He looked out at the little ticket-window, and his eyes fell upon Miss Mary. She looked in at the little ticket-window, and her eyes fell upon him. Tableau—blushes, mutual starts, and finally love.

An acquaintance was soon formed, and the children fairly revelled in their new-born attachment. For a short time young Schroder called on the young lady at her father's house, but finally the good doctor's mental nostrils were assailed by the odor of a long-tailed mice, and he mildly suggested that he thought the Stebbins visiting-circle was already large enough without the addition of Mr. Schroder. In short, he told the young lady she must no longer receive his attentions. He said she was entirely too young to think of marriage, and, besides, Mr. Schroder would not be his choice for a son-in-law.

Miss Mary then met her lover clandestinely. She would go to the skating-rink daily, and wait for Schroder to get through his duties, when they would skate together for hours. They were constantly together when away from the parental eye, and had no thought outside of their own happiness. Finally Mr. Stebbins despaired of breaking up the intimacy except by sending the young lady away for a time. He made arrangements to place her at school in Germany, in the hope that absence would conquer the love he had so long endeavored to diapel. She was to start for New York on the 6th of June. On the 5th she asked permission to go and see some friends and bid them good-by. She went out, met Schroder, and the two quietly went over to San Leandro, got a license, and were married.

Schroder brought his bride back to the city, and she returned to her father's house. Next morning she started in company with her aunt, Miss Fisher, for New York, en route for Europe. A few days after this some busybody happened to see the entry of the marriage in the San Leandro records, and hastened, as fast as his legs could carry him, to inform Dr. Stebbins.

To say that the outraged parent was surprised and shocked hardly expresses it. He was frantic. He went to Schroder's place of business, the London and San Francisco Bank,

to interview that gentleman without a moment's delay, and there learned the truth.

"Well," said the good doctor, "if that is the case, 'I must telegraph Miss Fisher to return.'"

"And what about Mary?" asked the self-imposed son-in-law.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "since she is your wife, my advice to you is to look after her. You will find her in New York;" and with that he turned on his heel and left the bank.

He then telegraphed Miss Fisher at New York not to sail for Europe until she heard from him; and a letter is now on the way. It is said that the letter contains a brief note to the young lady, denouncing her for her unfilial conduct, and informing her that henceforth she must look to her husband for protection. In short, it is said the doctor disowns his daughter forever.

The youthful bride is very beautiful, has, or had, a host of friends, and will probably make young Schroder supremely happy. He, like her, is very young, but has good habits and has a fair start in life. Let us hope that the good doctor's wrath will soon subside, and all yet be happiness and peace between him and his children.—*From a San Francisco paper*.

Japan Naval Armaments.

A report by the captain of the Russian corvette Boyarin, published in the *Cronstadt Messenger*, gives some curious details on the present state of the naval armaments of Japan. On the 14th of July, 1871 (he says) five Japanese ships-of-war entered the harbor of Yokohama. One of these ships is a corvette of English construction, armed with six long cast-iron guns and two bronze guns. The second ship is an iron-clad ram, the Stonewall Jackson, formerly part of the American Confederate fleet. It is armed with a 300-pounder and two Armstrong rifled 70-pounders. The three other vessels are screw gunboats of English construction, each armed with three guns. The crews of these vessels are composed exclusively of Japanese, with a uniform exactly the same as that of English sailors. On the 28th of March a casemated Japanese corvette, the Reuzeekan, armed with eight guns, also entered the harbor. The railway between Yeddo and Yokohama (continues the report) is now quite finished, and will shortly be open for public traffic. The telegraph is already being used along the whole of the line, and a second telegraphic wire is being laid between Nagasaki and Yokohama. The Japanese army is equipped and armed in the French manner, and its rifles are according to the Albin system. In the Gulf of Yeddo there is an arsenal, situated on a terrace cut into the side of a mountain. This arsenal is provided with a large dock, four hundred and seven feet long, eighty-two feet wide, and twenty-one feet deep. The largest ocean-steamer can enter it for repairs. The water of the dock is exhausted in ten hours by three large steam-pumps. Its construction occupied eighteen months, and cost the Japanese Government two hundred and forty thousand dollars. Thirty vessels have already been refitted in this dock. Another dock of smaller dimensions is being constructed by the side of the first for ships of small tonnage. The Admiralty also has a rope manufactory, a foundry, a boiler-manufactory, a mechanical forge, a steam sawing-machine, and all the necessary appliances for repairing ships. Engines and boilers are now being constructed for river-steamer. The buildings are all of wood; they are not supplied with much machinery, but what they have is sufficient for the wants

of the harbor. This small establishment will evidently never become the naval arsenal of Japan, but it forms an excellent nucleus for the young Japanese fleet, and will afterward be of great use for the squadron which the Japanese Government is apparently about to keep up in the neighborhood of the capital. The arsenal was built by a French engineer, M. Verny, who has been retained as manager of the establishment. Thirty Frenchmen are attached to it in the capacity of foremen, assistants, and instructors. The maintenance of the works costs three hundred thousand Mexican dollars a year; and since they were begun, five years ago, the expenses of the establishment have amounted to one million five hundred thousand dollars.

Foreign Items.

THE Paris *Tintamarre* has an account of two journalists of that city who wanted to fight a duel, and, in order to do so, went to England. The detectives prevented them from carrying their plan into execution, and then the two duellists and their seconds came to New York. No one interfered with them here, and the mortal combat came off in the garden of a French restaurant in Harlem. Both were rather seriously wounded. But they are now back in Paris, and have fully recovered from their injuries.

The Berlin *Roman-Zeitung*, the most widely-circulated literary journal in Germany, amuses its readers with an account of the punishment which, it says, a Boston clergyman recently received, by order of the Superior Court, for flirting with one of his fair parishioners. According to the *Roman-Zeitung*, the reverend culprit received fifty lashes on the bare back, and, to aggravate his misery, the executioner of Boston, whoever that may be, branded him on the forehead with a red-hot iron.

A horrible scene took place at Caen, in Normandy, on the 19th of June. A murderer named Dutellier was to be guillotined for having killed his rival in the affections of an Italian *cantatrice*. The executioner performed his bloody work in a very bungling manner, and the knife, instead of cutting off the head of the unfortunate culprit, literally sawed his neck apart. The spectators were so horrified at this ghastly scene that they attacked the headsman and drove him and his assistants out of the town.

The third volume of the report of the committee of investigation on the Communist insurrection in Paris contains some curious disclosures in regard to the participation of women and children in that movement. Among the prisoners charged with complicity in the insurrection were 1,851 women and 651 children. Of the latter, 235 were sixteen years old, 226 fifteen, 103 fourteen, 47 thirteen, 21 ten, 11 eleven, 4 nine, 1 eight, and 1 seven.

The Berlin papers approve the coldness with which the Emperor William treated General Sherman during his sojourn in that city. They say that Sherman has always been an enemy of Germany, and charge him with having written newspaper articles disparaging Field-Marshal von Moltke and other German generals.

Singularly enough, while Berlin is rapidly gaining in wealth and population, its university is steadily declining. Most of its re-

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nowned professors are anxious to go to other universities, and even Leipsic has now more students than Berlin.

The Prior of Belas, in Portugal, recently called the Emperor of Germany, in a sermon, "A monster in human shape, and the greatest thief of modern times." Thereupon Prince Bismarck sent word to the Portuguese Government that the abusive priest must be deposed and imprisoned, which was done accordingly.

The German Government has informed the ladies of Alsace and Lorraine that the brothers and lovers of such of them as are most violent in their demonstrations of hostility to Germany will be selected to serve in the German army after October 1st.

Old Field-Marshal von Moltke lives now quietly in the little Silesian town of Schweidnitz. He can be seen there every day in a long black frock-coat, smoking an enormous pipe, and reading the newspapers at the only café in the place.

The professors at the University of Zurich are unanimously opposed to the admission of further female students, and they intend to apply to the Federal Government of Switzerland for a bill restricting the rights of student-ship to males.

Rosa Bonheur denies that she knew it was the Emperor William of Germany who purchased her latest painting. Had she been aware of it, the emperor would not have got the picture.

Some Jesuits visited Prince Bismarck recently at Varzin. They wanted to know on what conditions they would be allowed to remain in Germany. The chancellor's laconic reply was, "On none."

Victor Hugo was terribly excited when he heard that Rochefort had been pardoned in consequence of his persistent solicitations. "This is the finest day of my life!" he exclaimed, tearfully.

The Emperor of Austria will visit Berlin and Hamburg next month. He has never before been in North Germany, and extraordinary preparations for his reception are being made there.

The American thieves who robbed the gaming-establishment at Monaco, in Italy, have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

The son of the celebrated Campe, the author of "Robinson the Younger," the most popular juvenile work ever written in the German language, died recently at Wiesbaden.

Mdlle. Murska, the Hungarian prima-donna, with whom the ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico was once on very intimate terms, will come to the United States next September.

The works of President Noyes, of the Oneida Community, and the articles which he has published in regard to the Samuel-Royce divorce-case, have been published in Bavaria.

Edward Maria Oettinger, one of the best lyric poets of Germany, and perhaps its ablest journalist, died on the 26th of June, at Dresden, in his sixty-fourth year.

There are seven hundred Jesuits in Prussia, eighteen thousand Catholic priests, and eleven thousand persons in the convents, nunneries, and seminaries of the country.

The Emperors William and Francis Joseph and King Victor Emmanuel. will meet next August at Gastein.

Paris has now a population of 1,794,890, a loss of 5,600 since the census of 1866.

Frederick Gerstäcker's complete works embrace about one hundred and fifty volumes.

The Archduchess Sophia of Austria left a private fortune of nearly forty million florins.

Varieties.

I AM particularly fond of lemon-pie for dessert. At — I went on peaceably for a couple of weeks, but always eating lemon-pie under a silent protest, for I was a stranger, and did not like to make objections. Finally I called a waiter and said: "John, what kind of pie is this?" "What kind did you order, sah?" "I ordered lemon-pie, but this appears to be dried apple." "Dat's lemon-pie, sah. You know dey has a way of mixin' dried apples in de lemon-pie here, sah, to dat extent it requires a man of ability to 'stinguish 'em apart, sah. De lemons are scarce, you know, and dey has to 'conomize 'em so as to make one lemon do for sixteen pies."

The statistics of the Dead-Letter Office give amazing evidence of the carelessness people can be guilty of. The number of letters sent to that office during last year was nearly 3,000,000. Sixty-eight thousand of these letters could not be forwarded owing to the carelessness of the writer in omitting to give the county or State, 400,000 failed to be sent because the writers forgot to put on stamps, and over 3,000 letters were put in the post-office without any address whatever. In the letters above named was found over \$92,000 cash, and drafts, checks, etc., to the value of \$3,000,000.

Father de Smet, the great Jesuit missionary, who has spent a lifetime among the Indians, and who knows them as well as, and perhaps better than, any living man, is to begin a series of papers in the *Catholic Review* on the red-man, and his experiences among that people.

An Austrian naval engineer is said to have perfected an invention by which ocean-going steamers dispense with the smoke-stack entirely, the smoke being ejected under water quite as readily as in the air.

A certain miss unguardedly volunteered the remark in a family-circle that, "when gentlemen eat warm maple-sugar, it gets into their mustaches and makes them scratchy." Her father is curious to know how she found it out.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. Some men, however, judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

A young man in Franklin, Ohio, calculates that, during a period of five years, he has walked thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty-three miles to visit his sweetheart. Walker!

Ice is being manufactured in the Southern cities this summer and sold for a cent a pound, while that imported from the North costs from two to three cents.

Blasting-powder is the name of a new campaign paper in North Carolina. It indulges in an explosive style, and is believed to be an incendiary sheet.

A young lady in Plattsburg asked her mamma, "How long does the honeymoon last?" to which the practical mother replied, "Until you ask your husband for money."

A clergyman, occasionally troubled with *lapus lingua*, called modern young ladies the other Sunday the "daughters of Hem and Sham."

Anna C. Brackets, of the St. Louis Normal

School, gets the highest salary (twenty-eight hundred dollars) paid to any female teacher in the United States.

Widow-picnics are held in Ohio. If a man appears on such occasions they all rush for him, and he is glad to escape with his life.

While hoeing cotton on a plantation in North Carolina a negro woman found a lump of gold weighing half a pound.

Artesian wells bringing an exhaustless supply of water are bored for three hundred dollars apiece in Marshall, Michigan.

No pagans now exist on the Hawaiian Islands.

One of Doré's paintings has been rejected by a scrupulous art committee in Paris.

The Museum.

The Emeu.

THE emeu inhabits the plains and open forest-country of Central Australia, where it was in former days very common. It is not unlike the ostrich, which it resembles in many of its habits as well as in its form and general aspect. It is very swift of foot, but can be run down by horses and dogs without much difficulty. The dogs are trained to reserve the attack until the bird is thoroughly tired out, and then spring upon the throat in such a manner as to escape the violent kicks which the emeu deals fiercely around, and which are sufficiently powerful to disable an assailant. The flesh of the emeu is thought to be very good, especially if the bird be young. The natives will not permit women or boys to eat the flesh of the emeu, reserving that diet for warriors and counsellors. A rather valuable oil is obtained from this bird, as much as six or seven quarts being secured from a fine specimen. It chiefly resides in the skin, but also collects in great quantities about the rump, and between the scapulars and the sternum. It is obtained easily enough by plucking the feathers, cutting the skin into pieces, and boiling them in a common cooking-pot.

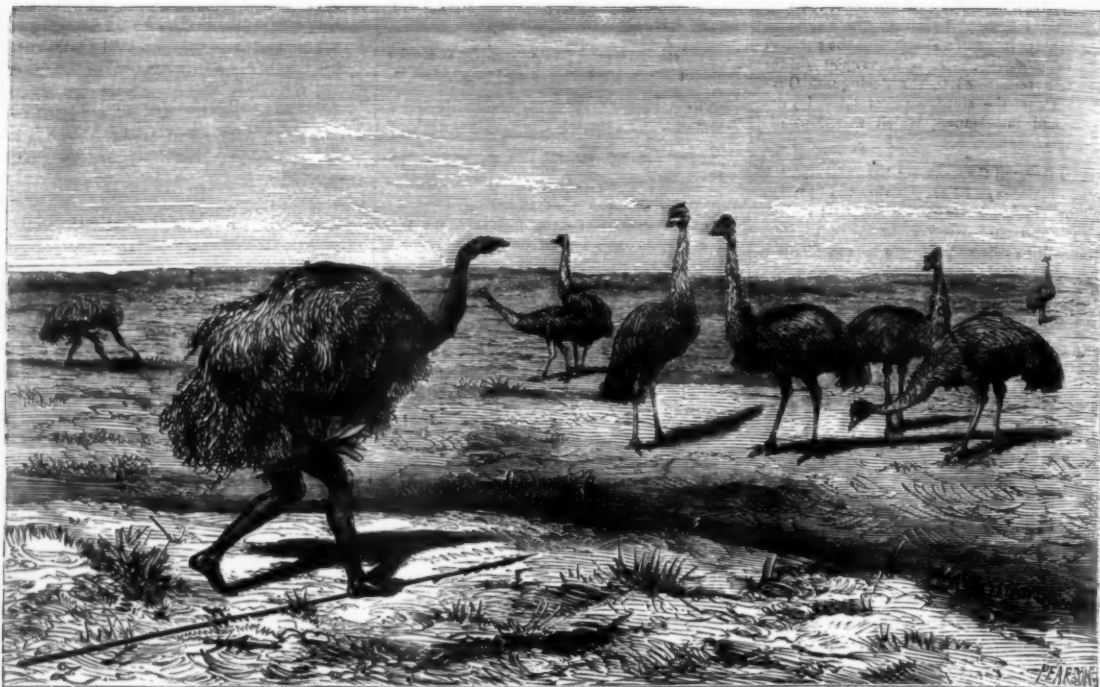
The food of the emeu consists of grass and various fruits. Its voice is a curious, hollow, booming, or drumming kind of note, produced by the peculiar construction of the windpipe. The legs of this bird are shorter and stouter in proportion than those of the ostrich; and the wings are very short, and so small that, when they lie closely against the body, they can hardly be distinguished from the general plumage. The nest is made by scooping a shallow hole in the ground in some scrubby spot, and in this depression a variable number of eggs are laid. The parent birds sit upon their eggs, as is also the case with the ostrich. The emeu is not polygamous, one male being apportioned to a single female.

The natives have an ingenious way of hunting this bird. The hunter, on spying 'emews feeding on a plain, will cover his back and head with an emeu-skin, allowing it to hang down well on the side toward the unsuspecting birds. In his right hand he will carry, hidden by the skin, a boomerang, and one or two throwing-sticks, or "waddies." Then his left arm will protrude beyond the skin straight out to the elbow, and the forearm will be bent up, with the hand at right angles to it, thereby forming a capital imitation of an emeu's head and neck. Every now and then his hand and head will be brought to the ground, as if for feeding; and, as he walks along, he imitates every motion of the bird, while at the same time, by means of the big-toe, a spear will be dragged along the ground. The native will

quietly and slowly proceed thus till fairly ahead of the birds; then he stops; and they will innocently feed right up to him. He will

then suddenly throw off the skin, catch up and throw the spear, piercing an emeu; another will be dropped by a blow from a "wad-

dy," and a third will probably be stopped in his flight by the boomerang. The hunter then rushes up, and dispatches all three.



NATIVE AUSTRALIANS HUNTING THE EMEU.

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